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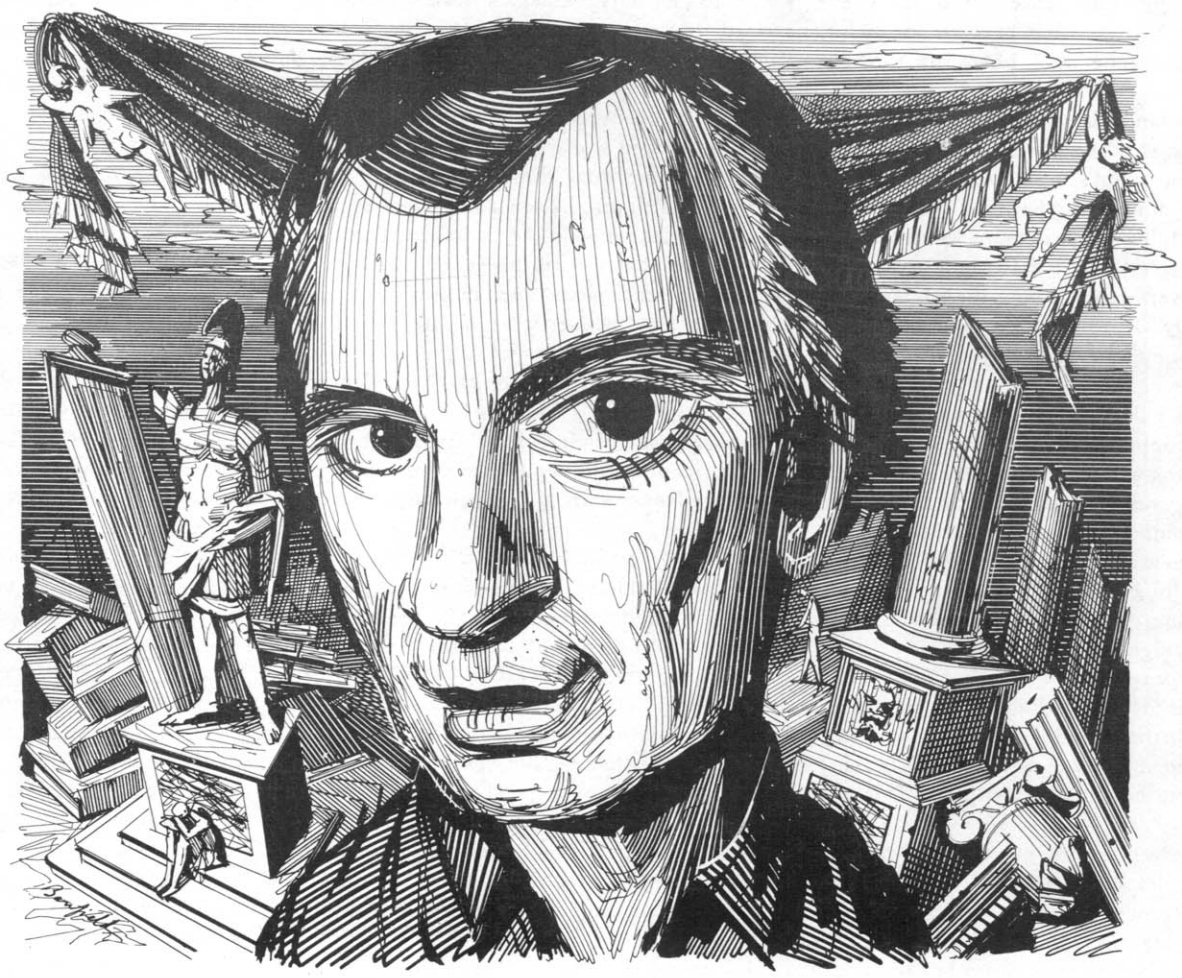

***R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr.*: Classical Gore**

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Vol. 11, No. 6 / April 1978 / One Dollar

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THE CONTINUING CRISIS

• February through early March, and the most amazing man ever to become President of the United States of America has made good on his promise to simplify our lives. Throughout the Midwest life is again manageable: no more dashing helter-skelter to sports events, recreational facilities, or libraries. The genius from Plains has freed us from years of slavish reliance on electricity. Jimmy and the United Mine Workers of America have combined skills to shut it off. The power of the mammoth utility trusts is broken forever as our industrial heartland experiences the serenity of America before the rise of Edison. Ohio—once foul to the eye and inimical to the nose—has become one vast Currier and Ives scene. It is liberating to the spirit!

• I write from a land where the lights are going out, schools are shutting down, and the air is being made clear thanks to industrial layoffs... and I write with a manual typewriter. Wherever one goes it is chilly, but it is more wholesome. And with the streetlights out our muggers and hit-and-run drivers can go about their business more cheerfully. It is an environmentalist's dream come true: America did not *need* electricity.

• Think of the village crafts that will replace those vast and unhealthy industrial complexes. Think of the clang and bang of modernity giving way to the gentle sough of hundreds of thousands of spinning wheels as we all join with our President in making Mid-America like unto Mahatma Gandhi's India. So what if the miners vacation, rousing themselves only to sabotage an occasional freight train or ambush a trucker. They are a minority whose life-style has for too long been ignored. We shall just have to learn to accommodate them, and if that means drastically diminished supplies of electricity, so much the better for our health and our spirits. This is progress.

• Nor is our President neglecting his other duties. When the *Washington Post* reported that Hamilton Jordan had attempted to charm a young lady in luxurious Sarsfield's saloon by spitting Amaretto and cream down her bosom, the White House acted with stunning candor, issuing a 33-page white paper, one of the most significant documents yet produced by the Carter administration. Fashioned by White House lawyers, this 8,000-word, tightly-reasoned text put the kabosh to the fabled *Post* by quoting Sarsfield's eloquent mixologist, Mr. Daniel V. Marshall III. Apparently Mr. Jordan (pronounced Jurden as in burden) was unwinding after a day of statecraft. Quietly quaffing his interesting drink in an inconspicuous stall, our President's factotum would jollify the saloon's ambience with a genial belch but nothing more. Suddenly a bevy of beauties fell upon him. Mr. Marshall testifies that "Girls were coming up to Hamilton and woo-woo. You know what I mean?" Naturally Jordan shrank back in disgust, and "did something to the point where enough's enough. I think one of the girls got insulted." Yet there was absolutely no spitting: "that would have been quite a mess, and she certainly wasn't wet."

• Aside from the harassment of Mr. Jordan, February and the first two weeks of March composed a comparatively successful period for our President. The stock market hit its lowest level in some 40 months; on March 2, the dollar traded at its lowest level ever against the West German mark; the Commerce Department announced that its index of leading indicators for January dove 1.9 percent, the steepest drop in three years; and the Labor Department reported that the January price rise was the sharpest in nine months. A Cuban Peace Corps settled into Ethiopia.

• Late in February, Minsky's Burlesque Revue arrived in Washington bringing with it Miss Kellie Everts, "Stripper for Christ." Interviewed by the *Washington Star*, Miss Kellie spoke of her conversion, of her aspiration to build "a children's prayer chapel in Brooklyn," and of the spiritual dimension of her life: "when I'm stripping, I see a blue light around the heads of the men in the audience. The blue light means that God is present." When not performing, the pious and buxom ecdysiast maintains an "active interior life," full of "prayer and medication [sic]" plus conversations with the Lord, the late Marilyn Monroe, and Elvis Presley's mother. If the Carter administration ever lets Miss Everts abscond from our capital without offering her a post on the White House staff, a great chance will have been missed.

• Thousands of sports fans turned out in Islamablad, Pakistan, for the public flogging of Mr. Mohammed Sabir, Pakistan's leading child molester. In Chicago on February 24, Mr. Curvie Fitzpatrick apologized for having entered Judge Frank Barbaro's courtroom buck naked to make his plea on an armed robbery charge. Nonetheless the humorless judge consigned Mr. Fitzpatrick to fifteen years in the calaboose. In Quincy, Massachusetts, Mrs. Regina Connor, 71, has ended her twelve-day standoff with police by quietly handing over her shotgun and accompanying the authorities to the Quincy City Hospital. Mrs. Connor is a retired telephone operator. And in New York City Mrs. Kitty Carlisle Hart made the February 22 meeting of the State Council on the Arts a historic event when she argued that the council was justified in giving a $5,000 grant for the production of a photo book of undraped lesbians and prostitutes. Had the council denied the grant it would have ventured into censorship, and "We can't exercise any censorship role over the arts," she admonished. Our President's mother attended a professional wrestling match in Columbus, Georgia, and after the contests visited the locker room of her favorite performer, "Mr. Wrestling No. 2." On March 6, Mr. Larry Flynt was shot.

• A frightful scuffle broke out in a West German beer hall when a patron was charged extra for eating his beer stein. Mrs. Bella Abzug was mysteriously beaten in her run for New York's 18th district congressional seat. Just one month prior to the February 14 election the *New York Post* had found her to be the most popular woman in New York. It was a sad moment for the foul-mouthed ex-congresswoman, who now has lost three elections in 18 months and is rapidly becoming a prosopopoeia of the Rt. Hon. Harold Stassen among her fellow left-wing diatribists. The catastrophe has driven some of Mrs. Abzug's supporters to take up lives of sin. Miss Gloria Steinem declared "We no longer can depend on the electoral system. The street is the only place for our movement." In the Soviet Union a scandalous oversight was corrected when Mr. Leonid I. Brezhnev was finally awarded the Order of Victory for his prodigious contributions during World War II, and the Moscow paper *Banner of Lenin* reports that "drunken and disorderly" milkmaids at the Sudnikovsky State Farm have shockingly reduced milk production and damaged four cows beyond repair.

• In one of the most significant cases to be adjudicated in New Mexico since that state began receiving airmail subscriptions to the *New York Times*, the New Mexico Supreme Court held that an adult woman's sexual contacts with a minor did not constitute sex education as a progressive appellate court had earlier held, but rather that the woman was merely contributing to delinquency. A feminist in Bergen, Norway, refused a blood transfusion when it was divulged that the blood was from a male donor. And from Madrid, Spain, comes incredible news. Miss Dolores Ibarruri, the 83-year-old President of the Spanish Communist Party, has ruined another pacemaker, bringing the total of mangled pacemakers to nearly a dozen in the past decade. It was only six months ago that the violent old shrew, known as "La Pasionaria" to her fellow comrades, blew up an earlier device, and Spanish doctors are now studying the possibility that, contrary to the usual reaction of a body rejecting a foreign implant, the foreign implant is rejecting Miss Ibarruri. In her youth even Stalin found her company alarming.

• The *Anchorage Times* reports that Mr. Michael Baskett, "empress" of Anchorage's homosexual community, was deposed on February 2 when he was convicted of slashing the automobile tires of Mr. Armon Pepe, a previous empress. In Harrison, Arkansas, evangelist Daniel Aaron Rogers has made little progress in his attempt to gain custody of his dead mother's body, which he intends to resurrect. Despite the fact that the Rev. Rogers has received "four visions from Indonesia," and corroborating visions from his friend the Rev. J.T. Williams, the state will not give up the body, fearing that it might spread bacteria. In Albany, Georgia, Mr. Eugene Peterson, 32, escaped while serving a six-day jail sentence for drunkenness and now faces a possible five-year sentence. Mr. Trevor Edwards of Newcastle-Under-Lyme, England, was fined $97.50 for "using threatening behavior," to wit: He barked at a police dog; and UN Ambassador Andrew Young greeted Prime Minister Ian Smith's acceptance of full democratic participation for black Rhodesians with the shriek of a loon.

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R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr.
Editor-in-Chief

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EDITORIAL

Penetrating the Mysteries of Ravello

R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr.

How abundant with curiosities is this land we call America, this Anglo-European culture we call the melting pot. Our greatest author lives not here but in far-off Italy, as does our greatest literary critic, our greatest essayist, and probably our greatest visionary. Who are these expatriates? They are one in the same. They are Gore Vidal himself alone. Mr. Vidal, the author of *Williwaw* and so many other memorable masterworks, lives in Ravello, south of Naples, where, as he says, "I do nothing but think about my country. The United States is my theme and all that dwell in it." I put this down as the purest act of patriotism since Jimmy Carter forsook the plow.

From a spectacular Romanesque villa commanding a cliff hundreds of feet above the Mediterranean Sea, Vidal looks ever westward, and with garlic fumes to his back, analyzes "the last empire on earth," capitalism run amok, and the horror of the "heterosexual dictatorship" that so oppresses the libidinous elf squirming within us all. Mr. Vidal's is not an easy life. Yet the villa, built in 1927 by Countess Szechenyi, the daughter of Lord Grimthorpe, is spacious, serene, and secure, an ideal laboratory for his valuable cerebrations. The happy result has been a relentless stream of learned disquisitions, generally appearing in the *New York Review of Books*, but occasionally turning up in more abstruse journals like *Marxist Perspectives*. Of course, some of The Novels have been written in Ravello, and it is there that Mr. Vidal prepares the lectures that he gives during his annual invasion of the American chautauqua circuit. His appearances on college campuses have been the high point in many a young student's educational development.

By his own admission Vidal is "a propagandist, a proselytizer, and a teacher." His earlier, less complicated writing made him a fortune of sorts, but today he is almost wholly devoted to writing literature for the ages and to apprising the world of the doom that awaits it if America does not follow a more enlightened course. Assiduously he propagates his message of reason, progress, radical reform, and an end to the infernal doings of the Rockefellers. Few among the intelligentsia have been more selfless and single-minded. When the revolution finally comes one hopes that Mr. Vidal will be around to enjoy it. He deserves a time of dawn rather than an era of gloom. On the other hand, one has to hope that the revolution does not arrive in Italy before coming to America. It would be a highly vexatious disruption of Mr. Vidal's work were Comrade Berlinguer to expropriate his villa; and to a rising generation of radical thinkers in America it would be decidedly distressing. Championing radical reform in America is an unrewarding business, and we intellectuals will never forget the November/December 1974 issue of *Architectural Digest: The Connoisseur's Magazine of Fine Interior Design*, wherein our brother's villa, named "La Rondinaia," was featured.

"It's heaven," Howard Austen has observed, "except for the phones and the servants. You get a couple, and either the woman is crazy or the man's a drunk...or both." Howard has been Gore's constant companion since 1950. "And the gardener, I'd rather not talk about *him*," Howard fumed. These judgments are recorded in a rare interview granted by the fellows to *Vogue* magazine in the early seventies. Admittedly, *Vogue* is not known to have a very intellectual readership, but then if one is truly serious about socialism and the heterosexual dictatorship one will carry the struggle to all parts. After all, even Hannah Arendt had to buy an occasional evening gown. And only Yahweh knows; some rainy afternoon not yet arrived a middle-aged Patty Hearst might just thumb through an ancient copy of *Vogue* and *ooooh* the old flame could rekindle, the *Internationale* could strike up anew, and the American establishment might again be wobbled.

Lemon Trees and Flowers

These are the kinds of calculations Gore and Howard must make, as the pasta boils in the kitchen and the gardener flummoxes in the sunshine amid "La Rondinaia's" six acres of lemon trees and flowers. I have followed Gore's work for years, and I like to think of him as the Frantz Fanon of upper Park Avenue; could it be that Howard is his Ché Guevara? The relationship has been a long one, and I cannot but believe it has been full of high purpose. *Vogue* reports that "They are just good friends, nothing else, now." And Howard allows as how "We each have our own friends, and we each respect what the other does." But precisely what does Howard do, and what has he been doing since 1950? There is mystery here. Gore fires off salvos at the Rockefeller conspiracy, lectures, and improves us with The Novels; but what is Howard's role? *Vogue* notifies us that his spinach soup and lemon chiffon pie are universally admired, but I have heard nothing of them. Just lolling around Gore's villa, making pies, and enduring the gardener—is the thing possible? Conceivably Howard, whose markedly boyish facade conceals a man of middle years, is Gore's contact with the Baader-Meinhof gang. Perhaps he clandestinely bankrolls a Puerto Rican bomb emporium or a liberation cabal as yet unactivated. Could he be in the pay of Arab idealists? A friend and advisor to Carlos (Fats) Martinez, the international terrorist? From his badinage in *Vogue* it is apparent he is a smooth operator. Yet maybe his association with Gore is entirely on the up and up. Gore could use a Boswell, and Howard assuredly has perceived the essence of the great man: "He's crazy about peas, and he'll kill for baby potatoes and asparagus." This man is no fool. Whatever his role on this orb, my guess is that when he passes on to glory some lucky relative will be made heir to a vast collection of hitherto unknown watercolors full of vivid truth, poems that will inflame you, works of beauty. Gore could not exist without the company of discriminating minds.

Who is this hind? Christened Eugene Luther Vidal, Jr., he is now known simply as Gore Vidal (vē ′däl) to his customer, and it is a rare Americano who has not at one time or another been his customer. He has written novels, mysteries, Hollywood and TV screenplays, book reviews, essays, and poems. Furthermore he has appeared on television more often than Idi Amin. It was through the medium of television that he essayed to rid America of William F. Buckley, Jr., a man who quite definitely, albeit curiously, unhinges Gore. The noble effort began in January 1962, on a national TV talk show during which Gore, then as now a confirmed pagan, charged that Buckley had attacked no less an eminence than the Pope. The Pope, at least in the early sixties, was in especially good odor with TV junkies, and Gore found the battle joined. Full of duty and courage, he set out to elucidate the frightening dimensions of right-wingery then being resurrected by this fellow Buckley. That is to say, he turned up every few nights before the country's insomniacs to malign Buckley, his family, and his friends. The war ended sadly for Gore when he appeared face to face with the fabled debater on New York's Les Crane Show; as one reviewer characterized it, Gore had his flesh nibbled off by "a fair-haired barracuda named William Buckley, Jr."

Gore was, in time, to suffer greater ignominies at Buckley's hands. Nevertheless he pursued him doggedly and some-

(*continued on page 36*)

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Roger Starr

Exporting Environmental Havoc

American environmentalists have worked furiously to save the snail darter, the furbish lousewort, and the "idea" of wilderness. The inadvertent result will be the devastation of the ancient hunting lands of Quebec's Cree Indians.

Nature's best hope in the western world is that the conservationists of the United States will learn to conserve their own energy. They have been spending themselves so lavishly and successfully to save their native environment that they have deflected the threats against it—often in aggravated form—to neighboring countries, Canada particularly. What the western world needs is orderly development. What it has been getting is American Environmental Imperialism. As Peter J. Bernstein, writing in the *Toronto Star-Journal* about the monstrous James Bay power project in Quebec, put it: "There is a feeling among Canadians, that Canada is undertaking development projects that produce environmental problems of a scale unacceptable to Americans."

Much more than enthusiasm is needed to resist degradation of the natural world or of the ethnic world of primitive people. Conservation requires professionally-trained specialists capable of distinguishing between important and trivial dangers. It requires the patience to make difficult distinctions carefully and the wisdom to establish goals that harmonize the values of the environment with those of the economy. While professionals can make these judgments, the money and zeal that drive their organizations come from members who perceive wildlife as benign, noncompetitive, and undemanding. This childlike sentiment makes it difficult for them to agree to accept the loss of any part of it in order to achieve a saving which they cannot see.

A rather gaudy prototype of the environmental zealot who has not bothered to measure the impact of his own energy is the movie actor, Robert Redford. Offscreen, Redford starred with great success in a psychodrama that stopped the construction of a large, coal-burning electric generating station on an unpopulated Utah plateau called Kaiparowits.

The issues involved in Kaiparowits are worth recounting briefly, because they help make clear the danger that unreflective environmentalism—blocking a relatively insignificant disturbance to the natural order—may produce a more significant disturbance elsewhere.

The Kaiparowits scheme which galvanized Redford into action was, despite its size and importance, a relatively minor environmental threat. The coal that would have provided its energy was not to be strip-mined, but dug from deep, covered mines. The mines were directly below the plant, a location which dispensed with railroad trackage across wild country. Nobody lived within miles of the proposed plant, and therefore it could not impose any possible air pollution on a human settlement. Its water requirements did not exceed existing available flows. The one serious environmental problem raised by serious people was the probability that its stack emissions, despite the highest current technology, would slightly depress air quality over a national park. It must be emphasized that the quality would have remained far better than that demanded by the most restrictive federal regulations.

The sponsors of Kaiparowits battled the opposition of environmental groups for thirteen years, only to yield after Redford denounced on television the intrusion of high technology in the beautiful wilderness area of southern Utah. Redford warned that the very idea of wilderness, its capacity to renew the human spirit for future generations, would be destroyed in the minds of men by the construction of a power plant. The destruction would be as great whether or not they could see it. Simply knowing it was there would do the damage.

Redford urged his fellow citizens to turn their backs on technological civilization. In the process, he must have forgotten that many who derive satisfaction from the western wilderness are hunters whose pleasures depend on technology. They hunt with rifles, machine-made from steel produced in electric-powered open hearth furnaces using pig iron reduced from ore in oxygen-blast furnaces. They could not afford a return to hand-forged weapons. Even if Redford forswore hunting for himself, he can combine movies with wilderness only because high-technology automobiles or airplanes can carry him to the Utah wilderness from the urban jungle of Los Angeles. If, indeed, Redford succeeded in persuading other hunters to change to bows, they would be high-technology bows. A supply of yew trees, bowmakers, and fletchers—adequate for Robin Hood's merry men and the English at Agincourt—never would outfit the present hunting population. If Redford had persuaded all American hunters to give up their hobby to protect the Utah wilderness, he would then have had to make his peace with the many American and foreign workers who eat only because they manufacture the rifles, hunting clothes, sleeping bags, lanterns, tents, and other paraphernalia needed for the hunt.

Enthusiasts like Redford seem never to notice that stopping a proposal like Kaiparowits does not reduce the need for power. It merely stimulates the search for substitute sources that cannot be stopped. If electric power for the west cannot be supplied by coal—as at Kaiparowits—it will be supplied by some other fuel—natural gas from Alaska, perhaps, liquefied under great pressure and sent by ship to the Los Angeles area. If liquefied natural gas tankers are blocked by environmentalists, the gas itself may be piped across Canada, where construction of a pipeline will

Roger Starr is a member of the editorial board of the New York Times.

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allegedly imperil the way of life of wilderness Indians—not merely the "idea" of wilderness, but its essence. If pipelines are stopped, hydro power or atomic schemes will have to replace them.

What cannot be stopped is the development of new power generation proposals if only for those purposes which most people accept as important: to replace obsolescent generating systems, to contribute to the worldwide rise in the material standard of life, to energize processes to reverse environmental pollution, and to provide job opportunities for a population which continues to grow, even in the United States. Though it is true that the birthrate has dropped drastically, so many women remain in the childbearing ages that the population of the United States must grow, even without immigration. As the working population grows with the maturing of those now too young to work, increased electrical capacity will be needed for them to have jobs.

Vice President Mondale recently gave comfort to the Redford-like warriors in the cause of wilderness preservation. He said that it would not be the policy of the Democratic Party to destroy the American landscape in order to extract energy from it; conservation of the landscape, he said, would be a central theme of his party. The tone of the rest of his speech made clear that any intrusion upon what is now wilderness would be regarded by him as destructive, however meticulously it might be planned.

Since it is also a central aim of the Democratic Party to raise the living standards of those Americans who suffer from brutal insufficiency, and to play a constructive role also in developing the material standards of the less developed countries, the Vice President might have added that American Democrats will perforce retain their serene indifference to what this combination of difficult-to-reconcile policies may do to other people's landscapes.

Certainly it has been official American policy in recent years to keep a tight rein on any industrial development which threatens the existence of an already endangered species of animal or plant. This stricture is not confined to those thousands of species which might generally be recognized by experts as significantly distinct or of importance to man. It applies to *any* species and seems to be based on the erroneous notion that man alone endangers other species. In fact, however, natural history is simply the record of the extinction of species as they fail to adapt themselves to the changing characteristics of the environment. Man himself is the evolutionary product of the endangerment of species. This process will not stop. But the ban against endangering species, however insignificant to man's needs, has certainly stopped power generation inside the United States, and tended to shove it elsewhere.

Thus, a threat to one species of "darter," the snail darter, a four-inch fish, was recently the basis for an injunction issued by a federal judge against a TVA hydroelectric project on the Little Tennessee River. A few specimens of a wild snapdragon called the furbish lousewort threaten the Dickey-Lincoln Dam site in Maine. A possible threat to the larvae of one species of clam which are practically impossible to distinguish from the larvae of another species has caused very expensive delays to the Seabrook, N.H., atomic power station. All of these obstacles to power development have had the effect described, on behalf of the electrical industry, by George F. Tyler in *Public Utilities Fortnightly*: "...companies engaged in providing this nation's essential energy needs have experienced serious difficulty in carrying out their plans for meeting these needs over the next decade," Tyler wrote. "These difficulties may be expected to continue and even to intensify. Ultimate failure to meet our energy needs may be the price of neglecting this issue."

It may take power blackouts to convince the public of the importance to it of an adequate supply of electrical energy. The industry needs no such reminders. As anyone might have predicted, the difficulty cited by Tyler has turned the energy industry's attention outside the country for its energy sources or for locations for generating stations. For many years, American power houses have burned Venezuelan oil, extracted from wells in Lake Maracaibo. United States environmentalists scarcely raised a murmur against the impact of this underwater drilling, though it clearly was more significant to Venezuela than offshore drilling would be to the New Jersey coast. Since modern offshore techniques are safer than the available technology when Maracaibo was first explored, it would be accurate to describe New Jersey offshore drilling as environmentally protective to the extent that it reduces the pressure to produce in Venezuela. One could scarcely infer this from the opposition to U.S. offshore drilling on the part of this country's environmentalists.

Skipping across Central America to Mexico, one finds a nation whose revolutionary tradition has encouraged resistance to imperialism—political or environmental. Though extensive drilling rights have been purchased by United States oil companies, the Mexican government has resisted oil exploration and exploitation. Mexico offers no hydro power resources; its industrial mineral resources are not attractive.

Canada is in a very different position. Its power resources include oil and natural gas, uranium ore, immense hydro power potential, and a strategic geographic lie between Alaska and the lower states. Canadian environmentalism reflects a political situation far more complex than Mexico's. The schism between French and English Canadians has now reached a point at which the French talk freely of political separation, which would affect Canada much as the secession of the Confederate states affected the United States. A major grievance of the Quebec separatists is the low level of investment and economic development in the province, as compared with Ontario and the western provinces. In Quebec, therefore, the Canadian national government has been reluctant to limit industry merely to protect the natural environment and the Indian and Eskimo way of life. In the western part of Canada, the concerns of the environmentalist movement are paramount because, as Bernstein wrote, Canadians are determined to protect themselves against what they regard as exploitation for the benefit of their U.S. neighbors.

Their frame of mind has been voiced with remarkable forthrightness by Judge Thomas R. Berger of the British Columbia Supreme Court. He was commissioned by the national government to make a recommendation for government policy on the proposal to pipe Alaskan natural gas to the United States through a line through the McKenzie River Valley of the Northwest Territory and through Alberta. Judge Berger decided that no such line should be built for at least ten years, or until the Indian, Eskimo, and Meti (mixed) populations had time to adjust to the tremendous changes in their way of life that pipeline construction would entail.

The *New York Times* reported that the judge's rejection of the McKenzie pipeline was cheered by church groups, the intellectual community and socially-conscious Canadians, and by "Canadian nationalists who contend that the proposed pipelines are primarily for the benefit of the United States, which has urgent need of new power sources...." In his preamble, the judge wrote that he had "proceeded on the assumption that we intend to protect and preserve Canada's northern environment and that, above all else, we intend to honor the legitimate claims and aspirations of the native peoples." Summing up his decision, he wrote: "The risk [of the pipeline] is in Canada. The urgency is in the United States."

In western Canada, in short, the concern of American environmentalists with snail darters and the "idea" of wilderness met its match in an equally dedicated Canadian government. This contrasts with the response of the same government to the James Bay power project, located in Quebec and put forward by its former Premier, Robert Bourassa, as the basis of future French-Canadian prosperity. The purpose of James Bay is to produce 12,000 megawatts of electricity from hydro power, most of it intended for export to the northeastern United States which suffers from a dangerously low power reserve and faces the prospect of future shortages, largely due to the successful environmental opposition to generating-station construction.

The James Bay proposal will be the largest industrial scheme ever undertaken in Canada. It will cost $16 billion, a sum 25 percent greater than the entire funded debt of New York City. It would not simply alter the psycho-sociological conditions under

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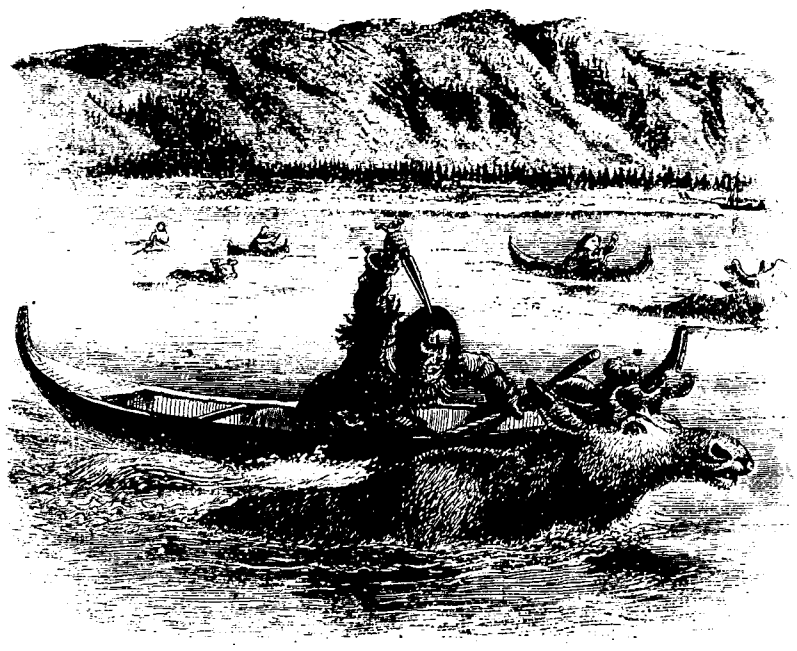
which the Cree Nation lives in Quebec—a threat which in the case of Canada's western Indians was reason enough for Judge Berger's rejection of the McKenzie pipeline. It would actually drown the Cree's hunting lands under hundreds of feet of water; it would change the courses of rivers; it would imperil fish populations on which the natives depend for food. It would cause immense changes in animal life—of the beaver, mink, caribou, and bear—and destroy the human dependence on them that stretches back over two centuries.

Though few Americans interested in the natural environment or native life have heard of James Bay, this project culminates a continuing effort by Hydro Quebec, the provincial power company, to wrest hydro power from the mountain rains and snows along the Labrador-Quebec frontier. The James Bay scheme would tap the LaGrande River which rises in the stubby Labrador mountains and flows about 300 miles west across the province to James Bay, the southern tip of Hudson Bay. In the course of this traverse it drops about 1,500 feet.

To augment the flow of the LaGrande and increase the potential energy to be built up behind its projected dams, the James Bay scheme proposes to take one of the mighty arctic rivers of Canada, the Kaniapiskau, which now flows north to Ungava Bay on the rim of the continent, and turn it by 90 degrees to the west, making it join the LaGrande. The effect on the northern Eskimo fisheries of such a diversion cannot be foreseen accurately. Two other rivers, the Eastman and the Opinaca, will also be diverted to join the LaGrande.



If this description suggests that the LaGrande is a single broad stream of water, easily recognizable and instantly identifiable as a river, it is misleading. For most of its length the LaGrande, like the Kaniapiskau, is less a recognizable river than a waterscape of lakes and ponds, laced together by waterfalls and rapids, broad slow-flowing channels, and narrow swift straits. Its waters divide and recombine, glide gently as though pausing to regain energy, and then tumble roaring over glacial rocks on the long traverse to James Bay.

It is the very length of this trip that makes the James Bay proposal so much more destructive than the existing hydro projects that tap the short rivers that flow south from the mountains to the St. Lawrence rather than west to James Bay. In comparison, the earlier dams and generating stations were simple. They tapped a natural concentration of kinetic energy like Niagara Falls, and could do so without imposing major landscape change. The geology of the LaGrande requires massive human intervention to harness its energy potential. Present estimates place the James Bay cost, per kilowatt of generating capacity, at three times the cost of Manicouagan #3, the most recent Hydro Quebec dam and generating complex, finished in 1976.

James Bay power will not be cheap in New York State, where construction is now beginning on a 765,000-volt line under state ownership to carry Canadian power downstate. The demand for it—a demand so great that the underwriters see no overwhelming difficulty in raising the $16 billion needed to build James Bay—arises because there does not seem to be any other reliable source for the additional power the Northeast will need.

The New York *Daily News* implicitly explained James Bay with a recent editorial. "CAGEY CON EDISON," it wrote, "has announced plans to build new power stations along the Hudson River for service about 1990. Anticipating environmentalist opposition, the company figures a 14-year lead time will be enough to dispose of hearings, suits, *et al.*

"Don't bet on it. The Storm King Project was first proposed 13 years ago and is still shuttling back and forth between regulatory bodies and the courts.

"How about 2090?"

Troubled by blackouts that result, in part, from inadequate immediately available reserves, and by the inability to commit electricity for new industries despite high unemployment rates, the Northeast simply cannot wait for domestic power sources. In effect, it is asking the Indians of Quebec to sacrifice themselves to the American awe of snail darters.

And sacrifice it will be at James Bay. Behind LG-2, the biggest single dam to be built on the LaGrande, a new lake will be formed, about two-thirds the size of Lake Ontario. Its surface will be about 50 stories above the bed of the natural river. Beneath its waters, and under the reservoirs formed at the other dam sites, much of the wildlife, terrestrial and aquatic, of the boreal forest belt of Quebec will drown. So will the landscape itself. The losses will include large populations of the beautiful native Eastern brook (or speckled) trout (*salvelinus fontinalis*), which once filled the streams of the northeastern United States and eastern Canada. Dirty water and too heavy a catch practically eliminated this species in the wilds other than in northern Quebec. The large lake trout population of the rivers is threatened, as is the *ouananiche*, the landlocked cousin of the Atlantic salmon. Much of the terrain that now belongs to the animals will disappear, and with them go the traditional and treaty-bound hunting, fishing, and trapping lands of the Cree and the Inuit (Quebec Eskimo).

Because climate makes this northern land impossible to farm, and the cold stunts the trees making lumbering impossible, the Cree and Inuit have survived in the hunting life which harmonizes with their ancient traditions. This style has been difficult to maintain for all Canadian Indians, but the Cree have resisted with remarkable success both the lure of higher cash wages in the south and the temptation to neglect conservation to make more quick money. The offer (accepted by the leaders of the Cree Nation) of money for ancient lands has done something to the Cree that history had so far been unable to accomplish. It split the older Cree from the younger; the elders took money in exchange for their hard way of life. Younger men still oppose the decision; they would have chosen to persist as in the past.

No one who has visited this rare stretch of sub-Arctic land, just below the endless tundra of the far north, can forget it. The heart of the Cree Nation has been in their major settlements at Mistassini Post and Prince Rupert, but their way of life required vast tracts of tumbling waters and black spruce so that they could obtain what they need to live on without endangering their future.

It is ironic that the Cree's harmony with nature should be threatened, however inadvertently, by Americans who consider themselves uniquely dedicated to preserving the natural and primitive environments. The Cree learned what others call "environmentalism," not through sentimentalizing the mute "kindliness" of the natural world, but by experiencing how heavy a load they could place on it before destroying its ability to replenish itself.

The American environmental movement is not generally informed by so rational an economic motive. Its moving force is the

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view that any other creature is man's moral superior. Technology, in this view, is the most dangerous of gifts, and the possession of an intellect the gravest of temptations. The Cree share neither of these views. For better, for worse, the Indian recognizes that man has an intellect, and the gravest temptation is to avoid the trouble of using it. Its function is to make distinctions, to perceive realities not immediately at hand, and to try to eliminate the inadvertent.

To the extent that self-styled American environmentalists use their intellects and energies for these purposes, they help on a grand scale to arrive at a fruitful and lasting balance between human life and the capacity of the rest of the biosphere to renew itself. But the movement rarely troubles to make distinctions: It values the furbish lousewort with the porpoise; an insignificant change in air quality seems to it as significant as massive poisoning of the water supply; a change in the shape of a reservoir, now to be used for pumped storage of potential energy, becomes as degrading as the flooding of the Cree's ancient hunting lands. The movement overlooks what is not at hand. It never considers the inadvertent destruction that results from its restrictions on the acts of others, though it is quick to denounce their inadvertancies. Exploiting to the full the deadly power of delay, the movement has played an elaborate, tricky game with "rehearings," "environmental impact statement" reviews, "hearing reopenings," and tardy requests to expand the lists of intervenors in license proceedings. The devastation of the Cree lands is the indirect result of these graceless procedures.

Finally, it must be emphasized that there is nothing moral or immoral about the natural drive of a species to multiply and to use the natural environment to sustain its membership. It is pointless to expect the human species to recoil in horror from what its members have no reason to feel is bad. But if population growth and relief from hunger, cold, and disease are to be reconciled with nature, the flight from intellectual analysis that distinguishes the real from the trivial threat must somehow be stopped. □

Stephen Rosen

Will We Throw the Arms Race?

Even more than the first SALT agreement, the arms treaty now in prospect will constrain the United States while permitting the Soviet Union to build weapons at full speed.

There is a tendency for intellectuals to base their judgments of strategic weapons and arms-control agreements on what they perceive to be the intentions of the Soviet Union. It is decided, perhaps, that the Soviet leadership has no real desire or need to quarrel with the West, hence a few missiles held in reserve are more than adequate to insure our safety. Or it is divined that Brezhnev intends to attack the West if the cost is thirty million Soviet casualties, but not if the cost is forty million, and therefore we only need weapons sufficient to inflict that higher level of damage. Or it is concluded that the Soviet leadership has a peasant mentality combined with a Bolshevik ideology and thinks it can fight and win a nuclear war; so we need a nuclear war-winning capability.

This tendency is understandable. Intellectuals, after all, think about what the enemy thinks; soldiers think about what he can do. Still, this preoccupation is slightly wide of the mark, if only because the Soviet government has gone to a lot of trouble to make sure we never find out what its intentions are. The intellectual preoccupation with the psychology of our enemy gives the literature on nuclear war and SALT a faint resemblance to the worries of an adolescent girl anticipating her first sexual encounter. Is the man nice? What does he want? If he tries something, what will I do? Both the girl and the intellectual forget that we may begin with honorable intentions, or no intentions at all, and still finish by trying to do what we find we can do. Both forget that how one acts before the crisis has something to do with how much we think we can get away with when push comes to shove.

In terms of our relationship with the Soviet Union, therefore, we should also be concerned with understanding what the objective military and political realities on both sides have been, what effect arms control has had on these realities, and what effect the SALT agreement now in prospect is likely to have.

Stephen Rosen spent last summer as an intern in the Strategic Affairs Division of the U.S. Arms Control and Disarmament Agency. He is currently a Ph.D. candidate in the government department at Harvard.

I

Nuclear arms and nuclear arms-control agreements share the objective of reducing the likelihood of nuclear war without spending intolerably large amounts of money. Starting in the late 1950s, the United States took steps to insure that we would always have the ability to retaliate against a nuclear attack. Our bombers were dispersed and kept on alert, our land-based ICBMs were buried in hardened silos, and a large number of submarine-launched ballistic missiles (SLBMs) were put out to sea. Before the arms-limitations talks began, there was no doubt in anybody's mind that our deterrent was secure. It is an interesting question, therefore, whether the first SALT agreement deserves more praise than the Strategic Air Command. Our weapons, not our diplomacy, may have been the best guardians of our security.

And the cost of this security was not high and rising, but low and declining. From a high point in 1952 of $32.6 billion (in 1976 dollars), the cost of our strategic forces had come down to $7.7 billion in 1976. In that year Henry Kissinger said that failure to reach a new agreement would require the United States to spend an additional $20 billion on weapons over the next five years. To be sure, $20 billion is a lot of money, but can SALT promise nothing more than a saving of one percent in the annual federal budget? Is that what arms control has to offer?

The first SALT agreement (1972) might have been valuable if the ban on further ICBM silo construction and the limit on anti-ballistic missile defenses (ABM) had prevented a competition in strategic weaponry that would have forced both sides to spend a great deal more money to preserve their deterrent forces. It is true that the ABM Treaty did save us some money. As a direct result of

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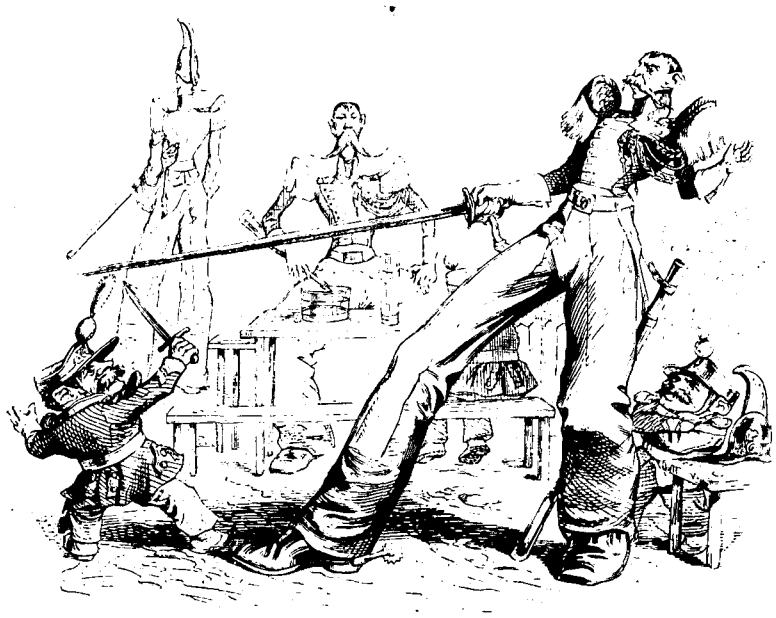
the treaty, we kept only one ABM site at Grand Forks Air Force Base, dismantled a partially constructed site at Malmstrom AFB, and scrapped the plans for a continental system that would have included ten more sites. The one ABM site we allowed ourselves was removed from operational status in 1976 because it was decided that one site with one hundred interceptor missiles was of relatively little value. Beyond that, the agreement did not materially affect any American weapons program or save us any money. It must be remembered that we could not have spent a lot more money on strategic systems during the treaty period (1972-1977) even if there had been no agreement. There was simply nothing ready to buy. The B-1 bomber, the Trident submarine system, and the M-X mobile ICBM would not have been ready until 1979 at the earliest. Even the speedup actually ordered in the development of the Trident system left the United States without a weapons system that would be ready before 1979. It is therefore incorrect to credit the SALT I agreement with a reduction in military expenditures on offensive systems.

Then did the agreement increase American security or prevent the erosion of the nuclear balance? One could begin by asking whether the agreement constrained Soviet construction of ICBM silos. The Soviet Union had begun construction of hundreds of silos prior to 1969. But between 1969 and the signing of the offensive arms freeze in May 1972, only 80 new silos were begun, although during this period, and indeed afterwards, operational Soviet ICBM strength grew as silos were completed. Why did the Soviets essentially stop all new construction? Would they have started again if there had been no agreement? Putting the question another way, what keeps the Soviet Union from violating their agreement to cease the construction of new silos? Commitment to the principles of détente is one explanation. More convincing is their knowledge that additional silo construction would give them little advantage over the United States. Such construction would be detected by the United States and met by programs that would prevent the Soviet Union from gaining any usable superiority. But this logic would constrain the Soviet Union *even if there were no SALT negotiations or agreement*. The Soviet leaders formalized the rough parity in ICBM strength in 1972, and adhered to that agreement, for the same reason they stopped new silo construction in 1969 and would not have renewed it even if there had been no agreement. To suppose otherwise is to suggest that the Soviet leaders believed they could have continued to grind out ICBMs while the United States sat back and did nothing.



In itself, the formal limit on ICBM strength was almost trivial. It was the actual military balance, supported by the political knowledge that the United States would do whatever was necessary to preserve that balance, that stabilized the strategic relationship between the two superpowers around 1970.

But there are stable relationships and stable relationships. Parity can exist when both sides possess roughly equal numbers of ICBMs, but it can also exist while both sides add hundreds of missiles to their forces every year. An agreement would be useful if it established stability at the existing levels instead of permitting a dynamic stability based on an open-ended arms race to continue. Such a competition could begin if American leaders had reason to believe that increases in the Soviet missile force endangered the survivability of our Minutemen, reducing our capacity for assured retaliation. We would then increase our own forces, prompting a Soviet response, since they might believe that our buildup was aimed at getting a usable superiority.

Did the 1972 accord get us out of this cycle, or keep us from falling into it? It could not have gotten us out of this cycle because we were not in it to begin with. To repeat, both sides had already stopped essentially all new silo construction three years before the agreement was signed. Both sides had hundreds of missiles in silos and submarines, and correctly believed they could afford to relax. The fear of falling dangerously behind was removed by the quality of the weapons in each arsenal, not by diplomacy, and with that fear went the impetus for an arms race. An agreement to freeze our forces was safe because no violation could pose an immediate threat to either side. Because our weapons were hard to destroy, we would have time to take counteraction in the event of a violation, before that violation became dangerous. It was the change in the character of the Strategic Air Command, and not the death of Cold War rivalries, that avoided a competition in silo construction.

In justifying the 1972 accords, Henry Kissinger referred most often to the limit on submarine-based missiles. The Soviet Union, he claimed, was building eight or nine missile-carrying nuclear submarines (SSBNs) a year. We were building none, and would not be able to do so for seven or eight years. In 1972, the United States estimated that the Soviet Union had 22 modern SSBNs, with 15 more under construction. Unchecked, they could have had over 80 SSBNs by 1977. The agreement limited them to 62 modern SSBNs and 950 SLBMs, and required the retirement of one old (pre-1964) ICBM for every SLBM beyond the 740th. This seemed a genuine achievement. New Soviet SSBN construction would be cut almost in half, even if it were not frozen. It was wondered, however, where the ceiling of 62 SSBNs and 950 SLBMs had come from. John Newhouse, in his self-designated "definitive" account of SALT, denied that this was a question of great relevance, but acknowledged that "probably no one in government could say for sure [where these numbers had come from] other than Kissinger." Since his book was written with no little cooperation from Kissinger, curiosity, if not suspicion, was aroused.

Five years after the event, the origin of this provision was revealed. Raymond Garthoff, the senior State Department Advisor and Executive Officer at the SALT I negotiations, wrote that

> the price for Soviet agreement to include SLBM launchers was to place "limitations" at a very high level—indeed, at the very highest level then estimated that the Soviet Union might deploy in the five-year period of the interim freeze even without any SALT limitation! (Theoretically possible higher SLBM levels for 1977, developed *after* the April Moscow meeting [where the SLBM deal was worked out] were later cited as support for the value of the limitation [emphasis in original].)

In confirmation of Garthoff's claim came a report in the fall of 1977 by columnist William Beecher that the *63rd* Soviet SSBN had just been launched, though it was not yet operational. The SALT agreement, it seems, was limited by the Soviet construction schedule, rather than the other way around. This provision was not dangerous, since it did not result in a threat to our retaliatory force. On the other hand, it would be ridiculous to claim that the agreement increased our security or decreased our need to spend money on armaments.

Was it the case, then, that the SALT I agreement was neither

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better nor worse than no agreement at all? Its accomplishments can be summed up as follows: an end to ABM deployment, with the attendant financial benefits; and the retirement of 210 old Soviet ICBMs that otherwise would have been modernized or replaced. The agreement did not measurably improve or diminish the quality of our deterrence, at least in the short run. Nor did it end the general competition in strategic arms. Rather, it channeled the arms race, if one wishes to call it such, into directions that were more dangerous, rather than less so.

Both the United States and the Soviet Union must guard against the possibility that its enemy might develop a weapon that could neutralize its strategic forces. As long as that is true, it is unreasonable to demand that arms-control agreements end the search for new weapons, which is the only safeguard either side has against a technological surprise developed by the other. Research and development of new weapons continue, and should not be limited by treaty, because it would be irresponsible for either country to rest the physical safety of its people on an instrument of international law. Yet competition need not be completely anarchistic or unlimited. Agreements can channel energy into the development and deployment of weapons which do not increase the incentives for a surprise attack, or which decrease the destructiveness of war.

Without an agreement in 1972, there probably would have been some sort of competition between the deployment of multiple independently-targeted reentry vehicles (MIRVs) and ABMs. The unregulated development of these two systems was potentially dangerous. One MIRVed missile can destroy several ICBM silos, depending on the size and number of the warheads and the accuracy and reliability of the system. Though ABM systems can protect ICBM silos, as well as cities, MIRV technology enables the attacker to multiply cheaply the number of offensive warheads until they outnumber the defensive interceptors. In fact, it is theoretically possible with MIRVs to wipe out the land-based forces of your enemy with just a portion of your missile force, if you attack first. Since a sudden increase in the offensive forces of the Soviet Union might not be detected if they could substitute MIRVed missiles for un-MIRVed ones in silos hidden from reconnaissance satellites, MIRVs were inherently destabilizing.

In this context, several sorts of agreements could have been useful. Paul Nitze has advocated a treaty that would limit both countries to ICBMs too small to carry more than one small warhead. An agreement which limited the deployment of MIRVs and verified it by on-site inspections, but which also allowed ABM deployment, would have encouraged a race between defensive systems, rather than a race between offensive and defensive systems. The winner of this competition would be the country that could best defend its population, thereby reducing the number of civilians who would be killed in a nuclear war.

But the irrational fear of an "arms race" did not give us this kind of agreement. It had been thought that we would build ABM systems, the Soviets would build MIRVs to counteract them, and nobody would be better off. But the consequence of the first SALT agreement was that ABMs were limited, MIRVs were not, and everybody was *worse* off. Nobody expected the agreement to end qualitative improvements (e.g., MIRVs) in the two missile forces, but merely to limit their numbers. Business as usual would likewise have resulted in qualitative improvements, but also in the construction of more silos, perhaps containing the small, cheap missiles advocated by Mr. Nitze (if it would not have produced more silos, what was the advantage of having a formal limit?). More silos would have reestablished some of the stability lost by MIRVs, and made the enemy build more missiles if he still wanted to gain an advantage. Alternatively, the increased danger to our silos would have been countered by the construction of ABM sites protecting our ICBM fields.

Instead, both sides were allowed to develop their offensive capabilities, but not the defensive systems that would have nullified them. As a result, the ICBM forces of both sides became more vulnerable, not less, thereby increasing the incentive to strike first.

II

Reflection on the first SALT agreement naturally leads us to wonder whether its successor will remedy its weaknesses. A brief recapitulation of the provisions of the new agreement as they have been revealed so far is therefore in order, although we should be aware that all the newspaper accounts of the SALT II terms are based on leaks by both hawks and doves who each have their own political purposes to serve.

1) Both sides would be limited to 2,160-2,250 strategic delivery vehicles—heavy bombers, SLBMs, and ICBMs—for a period of eight years. The Soviet Backfire bomber is not included in this limit, although increases in its production may be banned by separate agreement.

2) Both sides would be permitted to deploy 1,320 MIRVed missiles. Heavy bombers carrying air-launched cruise missiles (ALCMs) would be counted toward this limit. Within that overall limit, there would be sublimits of 820 MIRVed ICBMs and 1,200-1,250 MIRVed ICBMs and SLBMs. These limits would also last eight years.

3) ALCMs would be limited to ranges of less than 2,500 kilometers, while the testing and deployment of ground- and sea-launched cruise missiles would be limited to ranges of less than 600 kilometers, all for a period of three years.

4) Heavy ICBM deployment would be held to 308 for a period of eight years.

5) The deployment of new strategic weapons other than tested SLBMs would be banned for three years. It is said that this will ban the deployment of mobile ICBMs, such as the Soviet SS-16, which has been tested, produced, and stockpiled in some numbers.

Will this treaty reduce the threat to our ICBMs that was left undiminished, if not actually increased, by SALT I? Let us assume that the limit on MIRVs can be verified by our national technical means, even though the official American position in 1969 was exactly the opposite. The point remains that even if the Soviet Union scrupulously adheres to the agreement, they will be able to deploy 500 SS-19 ICBMs and 308 SS-18 heavy ICBMs with MIRVed warheads. The SS-18 has been flight-tested with ten warheads, the SS-19 with six. The SS-18 can carry as many as 45 warheads in the 50-kiloton range. The Soviet Union, if it so desires, could have over 6,000 warheads on its MIRVed ICBMs alone and could target six warheads on each of the 1,000 American ICBMs, while holding their SLBMs, Backfire bombers, and un-MIRVed ICBMs in reserve. Whether that attack would succeed depends entirely on how accurate and reliable those missiles can be made. It was precisely to limit such improvement that the United States proposed in March 1977 to restrict the flight-testing of ICBMs and SLBMs to six each, every year. Since roughly that many tests are necessary to check up on the reliability of existing systems, this limit would have slowed down the development and testing of more accurate missiles. This proposal was rejected by the Soviet Union.

Missiles become more accurate as machine-tooling techniques, computer software, heat-resistant materials, mapmaking, and other mundane and exotic technologies improve. While no agreement can permanently halt the application of these advancements to missiles, the American proposal of March 1977 was constructive, and would have limited the danger to our Minutemen, not forever, but for the eight years it would have lasted. In addition to limiting flight tests, the U.S. proposed that both sides be restricted to 150 heavy ICBMs and 550 MIRVed ICBMs. But this was also rejected by the Soviet Union.

Having found stable deterrence unobtainable through negotiation, we might reasonably turn our attention to technological innovations which could serve the same purpose. Dedication to arms control, however, will hinder such innovation. Mobile missiles hidden in tunnels, such as the proposed American M-X ICBM, could not be located precisely, and would improve the security of our land-based forces. But missiles that cannot be located by satellite in order to attack cannot be counted by satellite in order to verify compliance with a treaty limit on their number. On-site inspection of launcher complexes could solve this problem,

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but is unacceptable to the Soviet Union. Those who favor an arms-control agreement therefore oppose this kind of system. But certainly this zeal for a negotiated agreement is misplaced if it cannot decrease the very real threat to our ICBMs and only denies us the weapons that can.

If our ICBMs will become increasingly insecure as a result of the SALT agreements, we will have to rely more and more on the other components of our strategic force, our bombers and our submarine-launched missiles. It is therefore notable that the United States bomber force will be sharply limited by the terms of the proposed agreement. President Carter cancelled production of the B-1 bomber, arguing that B-52s or cargo airplanes carrying ALCMs would be cheaper vehicles for the delivery of nuclear warheads on the Soviet Union. But heavy bombers carrying long-range ALCMs are to be counted towards the 1,320 MIRVed vehicles each side is allowed. If we build 1,200 MIRVed ICBMs and SLBMs, we will be able to deploy only 120 heavy bombers carrying cruise missiles. We had planned to buy roughly twice that many B-1s. We have right now roughly three times that many B-52s.

The tight limit on our bombers becomes even more significant when we realize that it is in no way matched by limits on the Soviet anti-bomber defense force, which now includes over 10,000 anti-aircraft missiles. This asymmetry is illogical and offensive to American interests, which was why the United States declined to include heavy bombers in the 1972 agreement. In the following negotiations, the USSR stuck to its position and, not to put too fine a point on it, the United States collapsed. The Soviets did not convince us they were right, nor did they offer us a deal. They simply outlasted us. This failure would be less disturbing if our ICBM force were not also in some danger. But if we will have to rely more on our bombers and submarines, we should recognize that a defense against ALCMs is possible, and is permissible under the proposed treaty.

Enough has been written about the supposed invincibility of ALCMs to make some explanations necessary. It is true that they are small, low-flying, and hard to shoot down. It is also true that they are carried by airplanes that are big, high-flying, easy to find, and easy to shoot down. Something as big as a Boeing 747 carrying cruise missiles could be detected and intercepted long before it reached the borders of the Soviet Union, perhaps before it got close enough to its targets to launch its cruise missiles. The longer the range of the ALCM, the farther our bombers can "stand-off" and still be within range of their targets. The Pentagon's objections to the 2,500-kilometer range limit on ALCMs are not arbitrary. Longer range for the ALCM translates into an added margin of safety for our diminished bomber force.

ALCMs are hard to shoot down primarily because they fly so low—radar on the ground will not see the missile until there is very little time to respond. But by putting radars up on towers or on airplanes it would be possible to see low-flying objects much farther away. And a very fast interceptor missile does not need much time to shoot down its target.* The Soviet Union has all three kinds of systems under development, and they could prove quite useful in defending against cruise missiles.

Verification of range-limits is inherently problematic. Verification of the number of ALCM carriers would be equally difficult. The United States has about 400 B-52s. Some may be converted to carry cruise missiles, but all potentially could carry ALCMs. Should all 400 count toward the 1,320 MIRV limit? Both sides may use converted cargo planes to carry ALCMs. When does a Boeing 747 (or an Antonov 22) stop being a cargo plane and start being a heavy bomber carrying ALCMs? All the alterations can be completed in a hangar under an opaque roof and need not show on the outside of the finished airplane. Yet a strict count is to be kept of heavy bombers carrying ALCMs. On the other hand, precisely because their carriers can be seen coming a long way off, ALCMs are poor weapons with which to launch an attack on the strategic forces of another country. So violations of treaty limits will not seriously endanger the United States. The problem is that *we* will observe the limits, and disarm ourselves to that extent, without any hope of enforcing the same limits on the Soviet Union.

Inevitably it will be wondered whether any of this matters if both sides retain their invulnerable submarine-launched missiles. This is an honest doubt shared by many people. They have consciously or unconsciously rejected the idea of a strategic triad in which our security is based on three separate systems, each capable of independent retaliation if the others should be destroyed. This rejection is justified if it is correct to assume the continued invulnerability of our strategic submarines. The problem is that no weapon is invulnerable forever. One day it may be possible to locate and track submarines with reliability sufficient to permit a coordinated attack on all combat submarines on patrol. We cannot do so now, although the United States Navy claims it is able to keep relatively good track of Soviet submarines because they are noisy and easy to find.

What is disturbing is that if the Soviet Union were able to trail all our submarines at sea, how would we know? A system that locates submarines by passively listening for them cannot be detected. It may be an array of microphones on the seabed similar to the American fixed undersea surveillance system. A system that actively searches out submarines by emitting some form of energy and then listening for echoes could be tested first against Soviet submarines, in order to prevent Americans from "hearing" the broadcast energy. Or different physical principles entirely could be utilized for the anti-submarine warfare (ASW) mission. Who can say? Those who would place all our retaliatory forces out at sea are literally betting the survival of their nation that we are and will continue to be technologically superior to the Soviet Union, and that an effective ASW system can never be secretly developed and suddenly deployed.

The actual provisions limiting the deployment of MIRVed SLBMs will have some impact on the building programs of both countries. We now have 1,046 MIRVed Minuteman III ICBMs and Poseidon SLBMs, none of which is scheduled for retirement within the time period of the proposed agreement. We had

* The Soviet Union has now begun to deploy a new ground-to-air missile, the SA-10, which travels five times the speed of sound—possibly fast enough to destroy incoming, low-altitude cruise missiles.

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planned to deploy a new SSBN system of Trident submarines, each equipped with 24 longer-ranged SLBMs with MIRVed warheads. At a minimum, we had programmed the deployment of ten of these submarines at the rate of three every two years, starting in 1979 or 1980. We mean, however, to limit ourselves to 1,200 MIRVed ICBMs and SLBMs. Consequently, we will have to reduce our deployment of Trident submarines or prematurely retire another MIRVed system. Without this retirement, the last Trident permitted will be the sixth, deployed in 1983 or 1984. We would be held at that level until the treaty runs out in 1986.

The Soviet Union has tested the SS-N-18, an SLBM with three independently-targeted bombs, but as of 1977 had not deployed any MIRVed SLBMs. If the SS-N-18 can be retrofitted into older submarines that do not now carry MIRVed missiles, verification of the MIRV limit will prove interesting. How will we know whether all or some of the 63-plus Soviet submarines are carrying MIRVed missiles? On the other hand, if the missile cannot be launched from existing submarines, we will be able to verify the limits on its deployment by counting the number of new submarines built to carry it (the treaty will allow such a new fleet of submarines to be built). In this case, the limits will indeed be verifiable, but rather loose. Arithmetic reveals that they will be permitted to deploy at least 380 MIRVed SLBMs, if they wish. If new Soviet SSBNs carry 24 SLBMs, as do our Trident submarines, the Soviet Navy will be permitted 15 or 16 boatloads of new MIRVed SLBMs. We will be permitted six. We appear to have negotiated a limit that gives the Soviets considerable freedom to proceed with their construction program while requiring a 40 percent cutback in our own. The equal limits do not cut equally. This rankles, but there is no immediate danger in the provision, since it does not endanger our own SLBMs.

Advocates of arms control, recognizing the burden that has been placed on our strategic submarine force, might take this opportunity to urge a treaty limiting ASW research or deployment. This is a thoroughly bad idea. To note only one problem, the United States works hard at improving its tactical ASW capability. If a war starts in Europe or the Middle East, we will want to send troops and supplies and not have them sunk by the large fleet of Soviet attack submarines. A limit on strategic ASW systems intended to protect our strategic forces will interfere with the development of tactical ASW systems, since there is no substantial difference in the hardware used in each. If it were decided to go ahead anyway with a ban on all ASW research and development, the problem of determining what was going on within Soviet military laboratories would immediately arise.

To review, the new SALT agreement will not help us preserve the security of our land-based ICBMs. We will instead witness a period in which they become increasingly vulnerable. The agreement will permit the development of Soviet air-defense systems which could blunt the effectiveness of our bomber force. Our bomber force itself will carry ALCMs, and so will be limited to one-third of the existing bomber levels and to one-half of the proposed B-1 fleet. Thus, the agreement will make our capacity for assured retaliation more heavily dependent on our submarine-based missiles. A secondary effect of the agreement will be the tension created by limits which cannot be verified by our national technical means. The number of ALCM-carrying bombers, the range of cruise missiles, the exact number of MIRVed missiles possessed by the Soviet Union will all be uncertainly known quantities, and will be sources of contention between American hawks and doves, as well as between the United States and the Soviet Union.

But the most important consequence of the agreement will be the effect the continued commitment to arms control has on ourselves. It will be remembered that the basic check on the Soviet military has been the American ability to answer any Soviet buildup with a response adequate to destroy any nascent superiority. In the recent past, the United States endeavored to instruct the Soviet Union in American resolve and ability. In order to do so, it directed our chief SALT negotiator to include the following unilateral statement in the offensive arms limit:

> The U.S. Delegation has stressed the importance the U.S. Government attaches to achieving agreement on more complete limitations on strategic offensive arms, following agreement on an ABM Treaty and on an Interim Agreement on certain measures with respect to the limitation of strategic offensive arms. The U.S. Delegation believes that an objective of the follow-on negotiations should be to constrain and reduce on a long-term basis the threats to the survivability of our respective strategic retaliatory forces....If an agreement providing for more complete strategic offensive arms limitations were not achieved within five years, U.S. supreme interests could be jeopardized. Should that occur, it would constitute a basis for withdrawal from the ABM Treaty.

A follow-on agreement has been negotiated, but it conspicuously does not constrain the threat to our retaliatory forces. Yet it is impossible to believe that we will abrogate the ABM Treaty. For one thing, we could do little to construct an ABM system tomorrow if we broke the treaty today: Work on ABM technology has stagnated because few scientists with careers to make are going to work in a field the treaty has made a dead end. But we would not break the treaty in any case. That would mean a new arms race, and for twenty years or more the arms-control lobby has been pounding it into the public mind that an arms race is the literal threshold to the end of the world. Well, it is not. An arms race is the process which produces the substantial military equality and stability on which strategic harmony rests. And it is a race that can be lost by those who choose not to run.

The counsel of the arms-control lobby has led us to conduct ourselves so as to teach the Soviet Union to make excessive demands on the United States. President Carter's March 1977 SALT proposals would have put tight limits on heavy ICBMs, MIRVs, and the development of new missiles. The Soviet Union rejected them, and our determination to have some kind of agreement induced us to back down. Concessions that were tolerable in themselves also revealed our desperate attachment to arms control and our futile hope of avoiding the dreaded arms race. The willingness to have unverifiable limits, the constraints that restrict us but allow the Soviet Union to build at full speed, the collapse on the issue of anti-aircraft defenses, the omission of the Backfire bomber from the proposed limits—these are not disastrous individually. Collectively, they do give the impression of a country which is unwilling to fight for its positions if fighting means doing without an agreement, or increasing its defense budget.

We are cultivating a reputation for being eager to please. Our concesssions might eventually lead us into a position of genuine strategic inferiority. Long before that happened, however, we would be faced with the danger that the Soviet Union, accustomed to our easy ways, may one day go too far and meet not accommodation but unlimited outrage. Trying too hard to please the Soviet Union may produce the hostility and military buildup that détente hopes to avoid.

I do not doubt that the arms-control lobby believes itself to be working to create a world in which our safety lies in treaties rather than weapons. This is an alluring goal, so much so that officials within the U.S. Arms Control and Disarmament Agency are quite willing to acknowledge that they believe their worst enemies sit in the Pentagon, not the Kremlin. It is a foolhardy idea nonetheless, as much today as it was in the 1920s and 1930s. The reality is that the Soviet Union has not acted in good faith towards or lived in peace with even its own subjects and fraternal socialist countries. What it does with us depends on how well we guard our strength and reputation. □

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Tom Bethell

Capitol Ideas

Undoubtedly the most entertaining event of recent weeks has been the publication of H.R. Haldeman's memoir, *The Ends of Power*. This has occasioned a good deal of comment, publicity, and vituperation from the press who believed most unwisely after President Nixon's resignation that complete victory lay with the media, with the enemy at last routed and the monster himself finally buried at the crossroads with a stake through his heart.

But things haven't quite worked out that way. More and more of Nixon's lieutenants keep handing manuscripts out the jailhouse door, and, dammit, the books seem to be selling quite well. We know these fellows so well now—thanks to all the publicity they got a few years back in that wonderful televised soap opera that was conveniently dressed up as a "national crisis"—that all the latest scraps of gossip by and about them are turning out to be of absorbing interest.

Poor old Haynes Johnson, who writes a column for the *Washington Post*—a column noteworthy for its ritualistic support of all current shibboleths—is utterly distraught about the whole business. One day in February he caught sight of the dread specter of Haldeman "hype" down the road, and threw up his hands in despair. "When will it all end?" Haynes sighed. Here were David Frost, Nixon, and Haldeman, "all of them cashing in on each other—and, in the end, from us." You get the subliminal message? There ought to be a law against it.

Watch what happened next. The very day that Haynes Johnson's column appeared, the *Post*'s intrepid gossip writer Nancy Collins returned to the newsroom with the bulk of Haldeman's memoir under her arm, thus putting the *Post* in a position to "scoop" its ancient rival, the *New York Times*, which had paid good money for the book. Haynes Johnson was immediately put to work to write the *Post*'s article on the book, and he went at his task with such verve that a gigantic front-page, three-column headline story appeared the next day, and it ran over onto all six columns of page two, and then onto page three, where it covered two more columns.

This must have been more than H.R. Haldeman could possibly have hoped for from his somewhat confined quarters inside the Lompoc, California, jail; and if he did not send Haynes Johnson and Nancy Collins a thank-you note, then he was an ungrateful author. He might also have gotten a chuckle from the realization that the *Post* and the *Times* emerged from the affair growling at one another like yard dogs.

Scoopage dictated coverage in the *Post*'s case. Not the first time this has happened, of course, nor will it be the last. But the resulting moral could hardly be plainer, and it might well have been noted at some point by such moralistic folk as our media oracles: He who lives by the media must die by the media. "When will it all end?" Not yet. Next: Nixon's memoirs. The media made this Frankenstein, which now so mortifies them. Unfortunately, they are going to have to live with it.

Edward Jay Epstein's remarkable book, *Legend: The Secret World of Lee Harvey Oswald*, comes as a ray of light in the murky and highly politicized field of assassination studies. The most interesting part of this prodigious piece of research—Epstein had four assistants and *Reader's Digest* funding—deals with Yuri Ivanovich Nosenko, a Soviet citizen who either defected or "defected" to the United States early in 1964, less than two months after the assassination of John F. Kennedy.

Nosenko was important because he had worked for the KGB and claimed to have personally supervised the KGB file that was opened on Oswald after *he* defected—as a former U.S. Marine, with experience as a radar operator working at a U-2 base in Japan—to the Soviet Union in September 1959.

The great problem for the CIA was to decide whether Nosenko was a genuine defector or a dissembler still working for the KGB. Nosenko claimed that the KGB had in fact displayed minimal interest in Oswald and was glad to get rid of him (and his Soviet wife Marina) in 1962, when Oswald returned to the U.S. However, Epstein presents persuasive evidence that Nosenko was lying all along, which, if true, meant that he had been sent over by the KGB specifically to cover up Oswald's Soviet connection. Epstein never establishes what this connection was, but he and almost everyone else who studied the question—including the CIA—were persuaded that Oswald's "mission" was not the assassination of the President. It seems certain that Oswald committed this act on his own initiative. If so, it would not be surprising if the KGB became anxious to cover up some *other* connection that it may have had with Oswald, on the grounds that if this connection became public knowledge, the American public might well be irreversibly persuaded that the Soviet government had also engineered the assassination of Kennedy.

If that was all there was to Nosenko, his role would be understandable, and he would not deserve to be regarded as a particularly important figure in this very complex story. However, Epstein presents evidence suggesting that Nosenko was additionally playing a far more sinister role, unconnected with the Oswald case.

Early in 1962 another Soviet defector, Anatoli M. Golitsin (given the code name "Stone"), who was regarded by the CIA as both a genuine defector and an important one, told the CIA that "the KGB had already planted an agent within the highest echelons of United States intelligence....This penetration agent would be assisted by 'outside' men—other Soviet-controlled agents masking themselves as defectors or double agents—who would supply pieces of disinformation designed to bolster an 'inside' man's credibility."

It appeared to James Angleton, then head of counterintelligence in the CIA, that Nosenko was playing just this supporting role. Witness, for example, Nosenko's explanation of how the KGB caught one Peter Popov, a lieutenant colonel in Soviet military intelligence who was arrested by the KGB in 1959 and subsequently executed as a spy for the CIA. Nosenko claimed that the KGB "had developed a method of painting a chemical substance on a subject's shoe which left an invisible trail that could be followed." Thus Popov had been caught. But there was another possibility: that he had been betrayed from within the CIA. As Epstein notes: "The information provided by Nosenko deflected from the idea of a betrayal within the CIA." There were other such leads by Nosenko, as a result of which CIA officers "became increasingly suspicious that Nosenko was painting "false tracks" away from some high level agent (or agents) inside the U.S. government." →

Tom Bethell is Washington editor of Harper's *and contributing editor of the* Washington Monthly.

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Despite this ominous possibility, Nosenko was in the end completely rehabilitated by the faction within the CIA which, seeing the explosive possibilities of the case, evidently was reluctant to face up to the huge reappraisal of the quality of CIA intelligence that such an admission would have dictated. Nosenko was given a CIA allowance of $30,000 a year and a house in North Carolina.

James Angleton was fired by William Colby, "who had opposed the role of the counterintelligence staff for some years." According to Epstein, Colby, by now the director of the CIA, called Seymour Hersh of the *New York Times* into his office on December 20, 1974, and "directed Hersh's attention to the CIA's program of opening mail from the Soviet Union, which he admitted was illegal and which had been supervised by Angleton. Hersh now had an explosive peg for his story...." (This act, of course, did more to damage the CIA than anything the KGB could have hoped for in its wildest fantasies.) Finally, after Angleton's men had been fired a new counterintelligence staff was assembled, to which "Nosenko himself was appointed a consultant."

The CIA, as Epstein truly says, had been "turned inside out."

If there really was a double agent working at a high level in the CIA, as "Stone" had said, who was it? Epstein does not speculate on this point, but he nevertheless manages to leave the reader feeling distinctly unnerved by the following footnote, with which the book concludes:

"At one point, counterintelligence had even raised some questions about Colby's own contacts with a French citizen in Saigon who was suspected of being a Soviet agent. All CIA personnel were supposed to report contacts they had with foreign nationals in Vietnam and Colby failed to report meeting this person. When questioned about it, it appeared to have been merely an oversight on his part."

In recent weeks I have come across several newspaper articles suggesting the peculiar role that the "professoriate" plays in our society. It seems to me that journalists these days are inclined to be far too respectful toward academe. How tiresome it is becoming to read one more worshipful write-up of Harvard's Robert Coles (the author of 25 books and 400 magazine articles in the past decade, an output which explains why most of it is so unreadable); or to come across one more uncritical piece about Margaret Mead, a fashionable mountebank who is more readily identifiable by the forked staff which she carries everywhere than by the quality of her opinions; or to find Claude Levi-Strauss' name staring up at one from the page, for the umpteenth time.

"Claude Levi-Strauss: Behemoth From The Ivory Tower." That was the fulsome title of an article by Paul Hendrickson that recently appeared in (of all places) the "Style" section of the *Washington Post*. Levi-Strauss is an anthropologist, and his great appeal to journalists is that years ago he travelled (briefly) to the Amazon basin, and on his return was somehow deemed qualified to inform the world that the savages are not inferior to us—merely different. Put another way, this means that we are no better than savages. For some strange reason, this idea has had enormous appeal for intellectuals in recent years.

It is, you see, a "disturbing" idea. Hendrickson, in his rather embarrassing panegyric to Levi-Strauss ("one of the towering figures of French intellectual life in this century"), writes that he has "disturbed a whole range of other disciplines, from music to art to philosophy to comparative religion to comparative literature."

Let us take a breath of fresh air and turn to Paul Johnson, the English writer, who points out that Levi-Strauss is a good example of the pseudoscientist whose theories cannot be falsified by any conceivable method, thanks to various built-in defense mechanisms. His goal, Johnson writes in *Enemies of Society*, is "to destroy certitudes, to infect the corpus of received civilized knowledge with doubt, and so to dislocate western man, take him away from his natural, familiar defenses, and set him up again, naked, on an empty and bewildering plain."

I think this is an accurate summation, but why, oh why, is so conspicuous a charlatan awarded an honorary Doctor of Humane Letters degree by Johns Hopkins University, and, as though that were not enough, written up so uncritically in our "elite" press? The answer may be partly found, I believe, in the key word, "disturb." Levi-Strauss is said to "disturb" us. Of course he doesn't really. Not *us*, the "intellectual elite." He only disturbs "them"—the great unwashed, the Wallace voters, the boondocks dwellers. Thus he conveniently sets *us* apart from *them*, in a kind of protective strategy which we see operating quite frequently in our age of the common man. A similar covert motive lies behind the studied meaninglessness of modern art, as Tom Wolfe has pointed out. The basic idea is to put a little distance between the wonderful ones and the mobs. In an egalitarian democracy, after all, in which many truck drivers earn more than most college professors, there is precious little else that does the job. □

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William E. Simon

Preventing Medicine

Proposing National Health Insurance as a solution to the high cost of medical care is rather like trying to solve the problem of the Imperial Presidency by establishing a monarchy.

Although he remains relatively calm about welfare and unusually silent on the subject of education, Mr. Carter's ebullient HEW Secretary, since the moment of his appointment, has issued an incessant stream of complaints about the system of American health care.

"We perceive health care in America today," says Joseph Califano, "as a vast, sprawling, highly expensive, and virtually non-competitive industry....a unique system of economic relationships that are commanding, and controlling, an ever larger share of our nation's resources." That is the essence of Califano's complaint. And his solution? "National Health Insurance to protect all Americans from the crushing burden of medical expenses is essential."

Perhaps the first thing to note here, in both Califano's statement of the problem and his proposed solution, is the striking lack of logic. There is little competition in the health care industry, Califano charges. Therefore, nationalize it. But this is rather like saying that the way to solve the problem of the Imperial Presidency is to establish a Monarchy. The concept of the divine right of kings would do little to democratize the White House. Nor would the socialization of the health care industry, no matter what else it accomplished, increase competitiveness. Further, to imply that Americans now burdened with medical bills would be miraculously relieved of those burdens if their bills were first recycled through Washington is not only illogical, but downright dishonest.

True, there is a cost problem. In 1976, the national health care bill came to just under $140 billion, a difficult figure to come to grips with. But the answer, surely, is not massive federal intervention. As even the President's Council on Wage and Price Stability (COWPS) admitted in 1976, after years of avoiding the issue: "It is all too apparent that right now with current reimbursement programs and the ubiquitous and often conflicting morass of regulations, the Federal government, instead of being part of the solution, is part of the problem of rising health care costs."

Nor are the analyses which occasionally issue from Califano's own bailiwick much more reassuring. Hard and fast federal figures on the subject are difficult to come by, but according to one recent HEW estimate, a comprehensive "sperm-to-worm" program, such as that being proposed by Senator Edward Kennedy, could boost the nation's health care tab to $248.3 billion by 1980. Other proposals before Congress are little better. One, favored by the American Medical Association, could raise the nation's health care bill to $243.8 billion by 1980; a plan favored by the insurance industry would increase the cost to $234.5 billion.*

Logical? According to most measures and nearly every honest estimate, a federal takeover of the health care system would push prices up very near the outer limits of our ability to pay them. Partial federal intervention is now driving prices skyward, as COWPS points out; total federal intervention would accelerate the process. When the problem is discussed as the solution, we may be right in feeling that things are just a bit out of whack.

But logic seems to play no role in the discussion. Califano and his health-care planners simply skip around the figures, never taking them seriously, even when the government itself puts them out. Occasionally, when pinned down, they will acknowledge the figures, but argue that they are inaccurate. Such estimates cannot be accurate, they say, because they do not take into account the basic cost-cutting theories now espoused by the government.

One such theory involves the practice of preventive medicine, and runs this way: If financial barriers to access are eliminated on the primary level (doctors' offices, clinics, etc.) through a comprehensive health insurance program, then minor health problems will be arrested before they develop into major problems, thereby reducing the cost of treatment.

On the face of it, this is an attractive theory. But on reflection it makes little sense, for the vast majority of our health problems are not problems that early care can prevent. How many of us, when we think back over the past year, have been to see a doctor about a problem that an earlier visit would have prevented? In general, the answer is precious few. A cracked rib, an infected eye, an infected ear, bronchitis, viral afflictions of all kinds, a sprain, a strain, a fall, a broken arm, a broken leg—these ailments and others like them form the bulk of the problems that we take to our doctors. None of them would be prevented by early visits.

There are, of course, extremely effective preventive procedures. Hypertensive medication for high blood pressure comes to mind, as do certain methods of cancer screening. But cost alone is seldom the barrier which prevents us from seeking such treatment. On the whole, the diseases involved here are of such consequence that those fearful of being afflicted would not find a relatively modest doctor's fee in any way a cause for procrastination. True, there may be people both genuinely concerned and genuinely unable to pay. But they are already covered by Medicaid or Medicare. For those not so covered, with marginal medical budgets, there are thousands of free clinics. For the rest of us, the fact that we procrastinate springs from something infinitely more complex than a physician's fee, and abolition of that fee would make the prospect of a visit to the doctor no more seductive.

Human nature presents a profound problem for the proponents of preventive medicine. We cause most of our own basic health problems by eating too much, smoking too much, and drinking too much. We refuse to exercise, we drive our cars unsafely, and some of us won't even use seatbelts. All this, say preventive medicine proponents, is the result of our "life-styles." Change those life-styles, and there would be far fewer health problems. All of which, of course, is true. But the advocates of preventive medicine run

William E. Simon, U.S. Secretary of the Treasury from 1974 to 1977, is a financial consultant with Booz, Allen & Hamilton, Inc.

* The tendency for such federal programs to grow tremendously should not be overlooked. Medicaid was supposed to cost $200 million per year when it was proposed in 1966. By 1968 the annual cost had jumped to $1.9 billion. In fiscal year 1977 Medicaid cost $10.3 billion.

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into trouble when they attempt to explain just how free medicine would effect a significant life-style change. Indeed, it might be argued that a government which encourages us to put total responsibility for our health into its hands could end by making us even less responsible for our own health. Some day, of course, they may have us all out at lunch hour, exercising in the parking lots to the tune of loudspeakers. But until then, if Califano actually believes that a socialized system would compel us to trot obligingly into our doctor's office so that he can tell us to stop smoking so that we can then go home and do so, his view of human nature is hopelessly muddled.

Nor does his view of the basic human condition seem much clearer. The most important preventive techniques are those that detect and prevent major medical problems. But to characterize such techniques as "money saving" is surely to miss an important point—we all die anyhow, and few of us die healthy. Save us from one thing, and we will eventually suffer from and die of another. And a great deal of money will be spent on us in the process. Consider: A man found to have operable prostate cancer at 40 may be saved to enjoy the benefits of a pacemaker at 65. Or a woman whose hypertensive problems are brought under control at relatively little expense at 60 may at 70 suffer from advanced senility and be placed in a nursing home. In each case, a great deal more money will be spent on such patients than would have been spent had the preventive techniques not succeeded.

This is as it should be, for that is what American medicine is all about. But here again, in the government's characterization of such techniques as "money saving," we run into one of those great reversals of logic. Such techniques by definition must cost, rather than save, money. The only real way to save money on that man with the prostate cancer is not to treat him at all. That, of course, is something no American doctor would think of doing. But, public statements about preventive techniques as money savers aside, there are hints that the idea has occurred to high HEW officials. In public, they continue to take the approved line on preventive medicine. In private, however, they are saying things that suggest a radical redefinition of the preventive concept, one which more nearly squares with logic but violates every precept of American medicine.

Recently, for instance, a storm briefly swirled through HEW when an internal memo was leaked to the press. The memo, from Robert Derzon, director of HEW's newly created Health Care Financing Administration, suggested that Califano consider a number of ways to bring costs under control. Among Derzon's suggestions: discourage the use of sophisticated medical technology; limit the supply of doctors; slap controls on doctors' fees; encourage welfare mothers to get abortions; and persuade the states to adopt "living wills" by threatening to withhold federal funds.†

Abortions would be beneficial, explained Derzon, because "every unwanted birth prevented saves about $1,000 annually in welfare payments and another $100 in Medicaid funds." Too many kids, costing too much? Simple. Abort them. Too many old people? "Over one-fifth of Medicare expenditures are for people in their last year of life," Derzon observes pointedly. The solution? Living wills, an approach which encourages oldsters to acquiesce in euthanasia. Neat. Not everyone quite appreciated the simple beauty of Derzon's approach, however. As Harry Schwartz of the *New York Times* pointed out, "Mr. Derzon likes euthanasia...." Such a predilection on the part of the high HEW official who will probably be tapped to run any system of national health insurance is something less than reassuring.

Derzon, in typical bureaucratic fashion, has since denied meaning what he said. But as Schwartz points out, "what is irrefutable is that these and related ideas have recently been actively discussed at the highest policy levels of HEW."

Closely tied to the theory of preventive medicine is the assault on what Califano and the federal planners call "runaway medical technology." Right now their argument is that what needs controlling most are costs at the upper level. Give them the power to pay the total health care bill, they say, and they will hold down those costs by refusing to pay for certain procedures and types of treatment. But do we really want that? Most of us, when someone close becomes very sick, will seek out the very best treatment money can buy. To this end we shop for private insurance policies which guarantee that we will be able to pay for it—and if we do not have such insurance, we will go deeply in debt to pay for that treatment. But now the government is talking as though it intends to save us from those urges—whether we want saving or not—by denying us certain kinds of services and treatment.

What would that mean? It might mean, for instance, that a child with a brain tumor would not have access to a sophisticated brain scanner that could pinpoint the tumor's location. It might mean that the hospital nearest to the heart attack victim would not have a cardiovascular unit. With the government firmly controlling the purse strings and determined not to pay for such equipment, it would not be purchased.

Increasingly, national health insurance proponents are depicting hospitals as luxury playgrounds for medical dilettantes, and breathtaking medical technologies as expensive toys for grownup boys. (One HEW expert, at a recent meeting in Washington, referred to some of the most important technological devices of the century as "whatsy-dutsy machines.") Get rid of all that frivolous technological stuff, the attitude seems to be. It just drives up costs, and if we all practice preventive medicine, we won't need it anyhow. What is seldom acknowledged is that hospital improvements and medical technology aim either to preserve life or to enhance its quality. When the time comes for each of us, we would probably prefer to have had our money spent in this manner. But, again, perhaps the unstated argument is that the single best way to save money is to prevent life from lingering.

Here, as in so many other cases, Califano has things backwards. If he and his peers truly wanted to hold down costs and enhance the quality of care, they would start at the other end and attempt to eliminate services on the primary level. As any physician will tell you, this is where health care expenditures are truly wasted. As matters now stand, doctors are plagued by a horde of patients with self-treatable or nonexistent afflictions. There is the patient with the scratchy throat, the patient concerned with excessive or inadequate body hair, the patient who sometimes gets a funny feeling in his right shoulder, the patient who simply enjoys the attention of a physician and finds his office a satisfying social center. And as third-party payments increase—and with them the illusion of free medicine—so do such patients increase proportionately.

Califano, however, is working from the other end. He intends to encourage *more* utilization on the primary level by providing free and unlimited access to services, while at the same time limiting access at the upper level. With unlimited access, concludes a Rand Corporation study of National Health Insurance, treatment in doctors' offices would increase by 75 percent. This increase would take place precisely where it is needed least; and what's more, it would dramatically siphon off dollars essential to our care.

In effect, the Califano approach consists of taking resources from those who genuinely need them and distributing them among those who do not. If he were to take a similar approach to education, he might end by funding postgraduate courses for cafeteria help and janitors, while denying them to all students with an I.Q. over 125. Were the same approach taken to welfare, able-bodied bachelors might be encouraged to go on relief, but disabled women with dependent children would be discouraged.

National Health Insurance is simply not the most effective way to guarantee the nation's good health, nor is its method of allocating the health care dollar either wise or just. Nor is its current rationale in any way logical. Health care costs are soaring, we are told. Therefore, we must institute a system that by the most conservative estimates could add $16 billion a year to those costs. If Califano and his colleagues really believe that, then they're bananas.

† A "living will" spells out the conditions under which a person would not want to continue living—e.g., dependence on a life-support system.

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But they're not, of course. At least not all of them. Most of the HEW planners are simply doing their jobs. And this is especially true of Califano. He is a hired gun, and a good one, the quintessential Washington operator, totally loyal to whoever happens to be paying his fee. He has been told to pave the way for a system of National Health Insurance, and that is what he is doing. His method is an effective one. He looks for whatever apparent weaknesses appear in the present system and he shoots holes in them, and it is irrelevant whether or not his charges are untruthful or exaggerated. And because he does it well, it occurs to few that his facts are frequently either distorted or simply wrong. But they are.

Take his most basic assertion—health care costs are spiraling out of sight. Califano would have us believe that the increase in these costs is outstripping the increase in the costs of all other commodities. But this is not the case. In fact, according to the Consumer Price Index (CPI), medical costs over the past decade have not risen nearly as rapidly as the costs of many other essential services. According to an analysis of the CPI by the American Medical Association, the equivalent of a dollar's worth of medical care in 1967 costs $1.85 today. In comparison, insurance and finance charges which cost a dollar in 1967 have risen today to $1.97; legal expenses have risen to $2.00; and postal fees, under government supervision, have risen to $2.22.

Many other costs have also outstripped medical costs. A dollar's worth of auto repairs in 1967 now goes for $1.90; appliance repair has risen to $2.00; plumbing services are up to $2.10; house reshingling, $2.33. Then there are the consumer products—sugar, coffee, seafood, rib roasts, bacon, ham, tuna fish, potatoes, and, of course, electricity and everything connected with energy. Even a dollar's worth of blue jeans in 1967 goes for $1.90 today.

Consider, as well, the bite the Social Security tax is taking out of consumers' paychecks. From 1967 through 1977, the maximum Social Security tax increased approximately twice as much as health care costs over the same period. And with the massive new increases enacted by Congress—the members of which, incidentally, do not have to contribute—the sky's the limit.

Nor are comparative price rises under the present system expected to be particularly dramatic, even though federal programs permit millions of poor Americans to enjoy virtually limitless access to health care. According to a projection by Predicasts, Inc., expenditures for education since 1957 will have risen in 1990 by a yearly average of 8.2 percent. Welfare costs will have risen 11.1 percent over the same period, and health care costs will fall in the middle at 10.9 percent.

If this forecast is at all accurate, the situation seems much less alarming than Califano would have it. But Califano is not interested in figures that undermine his case, and he chooses his statistics carefully. Thus, whenever he complains about rising costs, he goes to the Social Security Administration's compilation of health care statistics for 1975 and 1976. These are two good years, for the statistics, if taken alone, do seem to demonstrate that health care costs are *the* major problem.

But what Califano and others who single out these two years do not discuss is that the size of the figures is due not so much to costs out of control as to costs *under* controls—the Nixon controls, that is, which remained in effect in the health care field a year after they were lifted in most others.

Thus in 1975, the first full post-control year, medical care costs as recorded on the CPI shot from 5.7 to 12.5 percent—certainly an alarming statistic when taken in isolation. But in 1974, the year in which the rest of the economy was freed from controls, the CPI for all items jumped from 4 to 9 percent, and in 1975 it climbed to 11 percent. In 1976, the third control-free year, the CPI for all items levelled off at 7.1 percent. In the same year, the second year in which health care costs were free from controls, the medical care component of the CPI dropped from 12.5 to 10.1 percent.

Economists call this phenomenon of post-control prices rising to their natural level a "bulge." The bulge is commonly thought to subside after two years. But in the case of the CPI for all items, it was a three-year process, while the figures for 1975 and 1976 cover only the first two years of the health care component bulge. Thus, the relevant comparisons would be between 1974 and 1975, and between 1975 and 1976. When one compares the figures year for year, as Califano does, the comparison between the cost of medicine and the cost of everything else must inevitably be distorted.

In fact, if one stretches the span out a bit the results are quite different. If, for instance, one averages the medical price rise between 1973 and 1976, and then compares that increase with the rise in costs of all other items, the rate of increase is almost exactly the same. All items on the CPI during that period rose 31.1 percent. Medical costs rose 31.5 percent. That means that since 1973, health care costs have risen at a rate less than one-half of one percent higher than all other items.

It is not quite fair, of course, to confine such an analysis to the 1973-1976 period. Between 1965 and 1973, for instance, health care costs rose 9.6 percent more rapidly than other costs. But these were the years of the great gathering together of federally insured patients, and that increase is directly attributable to federal programs. In any event, it is surely as fair to compare costs between 1973 and 1976 as it is to complain only about the price rises of 1975 and 1976, without acknowledging the effects of price controls.

Califano's tendency to overstate and to use statistics selectively is especially apparent in his frequent assaults on pharmaceuticals. Among all major industries, pharmaceuticals have been most successful at keeping prices down, and in terms of real dollars we are paying considerably less for our prescription drugs now than we were a decade ago. Between 1967 and 1977, according to the Social Security Administration, prices for all goods rose approximately 44 percent. During the same period, however, the price of prescription drugs rose just a bit less than 19 percent.

That figure is especially remarkable when you consider the effect of FDA regulations on the drug industry. During the mid-1960s, it cost approximately $1.5 million to develop a new drug and win federal approval to market it. Today, that cost has risen to an estimated $15 million. Yet in 1976, when other costs were rising 5.7 percent, drug prices rose only 3.9 percent.

Nevertheless, despite the figures, the prices of drug products are under almost constant attack in Washington. Senator Kennedy has called for (but not held) hearings on drug prices. The Naderites, in their sixties, with-it fashion, talk of "drug ripoffs." And Califano, in his peculiar rococo style, talks of "patent monopoly pots of gold at the end of the research rainbow." →

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In each of the areas discussed here—preventive medicine, the "drug ripoff," spiraling costs—the fashionable indictments of the present health care system collide with a collection of real-world facts. But these facts are seldom aired, for the men who set the terms of the national debate simply are not interested in hearing them. These men have been appointed to bring in a system of National Health Insurance. So the existing system is by definition bad, and anything at all is fair that might help to discredit it.

Their job is not an easy one, however. For one thing, the line shifts radically from year to year. Ten years back, when the economy was booming, we were told that although National Health Insurance would be expensive, it was necessary because many Americans were receiving unequal care. Then came Medicare and Medicaid, the problems of equity and access were alleviated, and we were told that, although we were all getting it, American medical care was shoddy and incompetently practiced; that we were not getting what we paid for; and that, although National Health Insurance would be expensive, it would enable the government to exercise control over the *quality* of care.

Now, however, the line has shifted again. It isn't quality we're worried about any longer. It's cost, pure and simple. Previously the approach was to try to convince us that National Health Insurance was affordable. Now we're being told that we cannot afford not to have it.

One wishes, before Califano nationalizes our system of medicine, that he would reassure us all by pointing to just one instance in which government intrusion into the private sector has resulted in a less expensive product—or for that matter, a product of higher quality. To my knowledge, that has never happened, and it would be highly unlikely to happen in the complex field of health care.

But perhaps we needn't worry. The first target date for National Health Insurance was late 1977. Then it was moved up to mid-1978. Now Califano is talking about early 1979. In the meantime, as the projected NHI cost estimates continue to soar, the American people, already afflicted by inflation and threatened by a huge new Social Security tax bite, may decide they simply do not want to foot the bill for a nationalized system of medicine. Besides, as most Americans who think about it have come to understand, we already *have* a comprehensive national health care system, created by the private sector. And in comparison to the systems of those nations—especially Great Britain—where medicine has been socialized, it doesn't look bad at all. □

Adam Meyerson

Co-op Capitalism

Cooperatives are not only one of the most rapidly expanding forces in American agriculture, but also one of the most creative institutions in our market economy.

A great transformation is taking place in American agriculture. Giant corporations, as we are constantly informed, play an increasingly dominant role in the processing, marketing, and exporting of farm products, and in the provision of farm supplies like pesticides and machinery. Agribusiness middlemen are taking a larger proportion of farm profits, while the beleaguered family farmer is squeezed between the rising costs of land and supplies, on the one hand, and a diminishing share of food prices, on the other. But of all the developments in our nation's farmlands, one of the least remarked but most remarkable is the growth of farmer cooperatives. Not only are co-ops one of the most rapidly expanding forces in American agriculture, but they are one of the most creative institutions in our market economy: Through them, farmers are becoming middlemen themselves, and they are erasing some of the distinctions between corporate agribusiness and family farming.

Consider, for example, Farmland Industries, a regional cooperative whose chief function is to provide its members (mostly in the Great Plains and Midwest) with petroleum, fertilizer, feed, and other farm supplies. Owned by 2,277 local co-ops, which in turn are owned by over 500,000 farmers, Farmland embodies the traditional ideals of the cooperative movement by electing its board of directors democratically—one co-op, one vote—and by annually returning its profits to its members, according to their patronage. But Farmland combines with these ideals the sophisticated management practices of modern business—diversification, vertical coordination, even international operations. From being primarily a distributor of farm provisions, Farmland has moved to control its sources of supply: The co-op is now the nation's second largest fertilizer producer (the largest is CF Industries, another cooperative), and its many energy projects include oilwells in Colombia, part ownership of an interstate pipeline, and, at Farmland's phosphoric acid plant in Florida, the extraction of uranium for a subsidiary of Westinghouse. Farmland has also begun to market farm products. A subsidiary, Farmland Foods, is the nation's 12th largest meat packer and has entered the frozen foods business. And just last year, Farmland merged with Far-Mar-Co, the nation's largest grain marketing cooperative and proprietor of the world's longest grain elevator (half a mile). Together the two cooperatives' sales amount to more than $3 billion a year, enough to make Farmland the 75th largest firm on the Fortune 500, and the single largest enterprise based in Kansas City.

Farmland is the largest of America's more than 7,000 co-ops, but its aggressive and entrepreneurial spirit is by no means unique. Land O' Lakes, the Minneapolis dairy co-op, began to manufacture and market margarine when confronted with shrinking opportunities for butter. California Canners and Growers, which grows and processes fruit in its home state, opened a vegetable cannery in Wisconsin. Gold Kist, once a Southern cotton growers co-op, recognized the need to diversify: Its operations now include the world's largest peanut-processing industry, a large poultry division, and a fishing fleet off the coast of Peru. In 1975, when farmers discovered that corporate grain sales to the Soviet Union were clogging transportation for their own grain, six regional co-ops jointly bought a Mississippi River barge line. And the familiarity of several cooperative brand names —among them Sunkist oranges, Welch's grape juice, Ocean Spray cranberry products, and Sunsweet prunes—suggests that the

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Adam Meyerson, formerly managing editor of The American Spectator, *is a student at the Harvard Business School.*

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members of some co-ops have long combined farming with more profitable ventures like processing and nationwide marketing.

Dating from the late 19th century, but organized most actively in the 1920s, farmer co-ops were at first generally stolid institutions. Their original purpose was supply management—the securing of voluntary agreements among farmers to curb their production and thus to mitigate, without government intervention, the farm depression that followed World War I. But unfortunately, the depression proved too intractable a problem for co-ops to solve, and in the 1930s the federal government arrogated the task of production control. The co-ops, meanwhile, began to concentrate on other functions of self-help: They improved farmers' market-bargaining positions by pooling their harvests, they facilitated cooperation in irrigation and other services, and they kept prices of farm supplies in line by competing with private dealers. Only in recent years, however, have co-op managers hit upon the insight that has led to their transformation of agriculture: namely, that the best way to preserve the small-scale ownership of family farms is to combine it with the efficiencies of large-scale organization and the security offered by diversification.

Today five out of six farmers belong to at least one cooperative (the typical farmer belongs to two or three), and the cooperative movement has become a powerful force. In some critical sectors of agriculture, for instance livestock and farm machinery, cooperatives play an insignificant and diminishing role. But in 1975 co-ops accounted for 29 percent of the farm chemical market, up from 11 percent in 1950; for 30 percent of the fertilizer market, up from 15 percent; for 35 percent of the agricultural petroleum market, up from 19 percent; for 40 percent of all grain and soybean marketing, up from 29 percent; and for 75 percent of dairy marketing, up from 53 percent. In the lucrative export trade, co-ops are also making inroads. They account for over 40 percent of American fruit and vegetable exports. And since many farmers feel that grain and soybean exports have benefited the international trading companies more than themselves, they have formed the Farmers Export Co., whose aggressive competition is forcing the corporate exporters to better serve farmers' interests. The co-op now handles 8 percent of American corn exports, 10 percent of soybeans, and by the early 1980s it plans to double its market share.

Not surprisingly, the growth of cooperatives has attracted criticism—from those who see in bigness the potential abuses of power, from businesses large and small that chafe at the increasingly sophisticated competition co-ops pose, and from those who fear that cooperatives are betraying their democratic ideals and behaving more like corporations. There is some legitimacy to these fears. Farmers often grumble, for example, that co-op management is becoming too distant. Co-ops have indeed abused their growing power: Dairy co-ops were among the worst offenders in the recent scandal of illegal campaign contributions; and in the Southwestern states especially, where many co-op members own extensive property and hire dozens of employees, co-ops have often mistreated farmworkers. Moreover, competition from cooperatives has helped drive many rural merchants out of business. As farmers become middlemen themselves, and their co-ops attain the economies of scale found in many corporations, it is not the small farmer but the small middleman—the independent feed and fertilizer dealer, the private proprietor of a county elevator, the small-scale canner—who is most vulnerable before the forces of modern, rationalized agribusiness. In the long run, the only salvation for small rural businessmen may be to form semi-cooperative chains of independent firms, as has happened with grocers and hardware stores. But in the meantime, rural middlemen vent their spleen as much at co-ops as at large corporations.

The criticism is at times especially bitter, because co-ops have benefited from several advantages conferred by government. The Farm Credit Administration has lent considerable sums to cooperatives at lower-than-market interest rates (in 1976, over $10 billion). Though by no means exempt from antitrust law (the Federal Trade Commission has prosecuted several co-ops and prevented a number of co-op mergers), cooperatives receive more latitude from antitrust officials than do investor-owned corporations. Finally, cooperatives are not subject to the double taxation that affects corporations and their stockholders; by law co-ops may return up to 80 percent of their patronage refunds in the form of equity, and thus can generate substantial capital accumulations without first having to pay the corporate income tax.

As cooperative officials point out, however, these advantages are often offset by considerations that limit co-ops' flexibility. During the worldwide fertilizer shortage of 1974 and 1975, fertilizer fetched a higher price abroad than domestically, and many American corporations accordingly shipped their supplies overseas. Not so the cooperatives: Despite the higher profit opportunities elsewhere, they had to remain faithful to their patron-owners' interests and supply the domestic market. In the last three or four years, many oil companies have been relinquishing their rural petroleum facilities, which have been relatively unprofitable. Cooperatives have been moving in to fill the gap—simply because their members need oil, whether or not it is profitable to provide it. Co-ops must also protect the health and safety of their members. For those who see a threat to the ecosystem in modern, mechanized agriculture—with its intensive use of energy, fertilizer, pesticides, and herbicides—co-ops are as anathema as big business. But on one controversial question, the danger to farmers' health from agricultural chemicals, co-ops tend to show more concern than corporations; corporations by no means treat this problem cavalierly, but for co-ops the well-being of their members is at stake, and they are less likely to risk health for the sake of additional sales.*

To hold their managers accountable, and make sure they do not undertake such risks, co-ops usually prescribe both democratic elections and frequent consultation with members. Even more important, the managers of regional co-ops are kept in line by the forces of competition—not only with large corporations and small businesses but often with other co-ops themselves. Regional cooperatives conduct most of their business, both in farm supply and in farm marketing, with their local member co-ops; the locals' participation is purely voluntary, however, and since many locals belong to more than one regional, the regionals are constantly vying with each other for their members' patronage. Within its marketing area, for example, Farmland must contend with the Missouri Farmers Association, FS Services of Illinois, Midland Co-op, Land O' Lakes, the Mississippi Chemical Co. (of which, incidentally, both Billy Carter and Miss Lillian are members), and a good number of other regionals; if Farmland's prices are too high, or its patronage refunds too low, or if its service is sloppy, or its management policies unpopular, Farmland's members will shift their patronage elsewhere.

The farmer cooperative movement is an international phenomenon—and in some countries it has developed further than in America. Agricultural marketing is

* This solicitude for health and safety does not always extend to employees. In Texas last December, an explosion at a cooperative's grain elevator killed 18 workers and injured 21.

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almost exclusively cooperative, for example, in Scandinavia. The single largest enterprise in Western Australia is a farmer co-op, cooperatives handle 80 percent of Canada's enormous wheat harvest, and in most West European countries, as well as Japan, cooperative movements are flourishing. The movement is also advancing in many developing nations: Co-ops are partly responsible for the agricultural prosperity of Taiwan and Thailand, and a number of governments, e.g., Kenya, have established Ministries of Cooperatives, explicitly to encourage their formation and growth.

In foreign countries as in America, cooperative movements have drawn some of their fervor from anticapitalist ideologies. Often organized by religious or quasi-socialist groups which object to the use of investment for purposes of making money, cooperatives have offered an alternative to traditional capitalist institutions—a way of serving, in the hackneyed phrase, the interests of "people, not profit." And yet it is significant that farmer cooperatives should prosper so much in countries with strong market economies.

One reason why is that cooperatives are really more capitalistic than many of their advocates and founders have imagined: Farmers the world over are in truth small businessmen, and in serving farmers' interests (for example, in supplying them with fertilizer even though prices are higher overseas), co-ops are primarily serving farmers' financial interests. A second reason is that cooperatives fill niches that market economies often leave open. Co-ops cater to demands (e.g., for agricultural petroleum) that most enterprises would find it unprofitable to cater to. They keep prices in line by introducing more competition. Above all they help to preserve small-scale ownership in an age of large-scale enterprise.

There is still a more important reason why cooperatives flourish in market economies—they are allowed to. The economic system of market capitalism is connected in the popular imagination with mammoth corporations out to maximize profits for the sake of their investors. But while such institutions do dominate the marketplaces of many Western countries, they are accompanied by many alternative forms of organization. If the rules are fair, markets work on the principle of voluntary exchange; and if farmers (or other groups) want to organize cooperatives and do business with them, their organizations may freely enter the marketplace. Indeed, the American farmer cooperative movement belongs to a larger cooperative sector, parts of which, e.g., rural electrification co-ops, have generally been set up by government, but large parts of which, e.g., credit unions and mutual insurance companies, have arisen from private initiative. Compare this phenomenon with the centrally-planned economies of Eastern Europe and the Soviet Union, where in several cases there used to be active cooperative movements, but where now—despite official nomenclature that calls collective farms "voluntary cooperatives"—farmers are employees of the state with little control over their own decisions. Marx would have had the utmost contempt for Western cooperatives, regarding them as petty bourgeois institutions that impede the movement of farmers into the propertyless proletariat and therefore arrest the consciousness of class division within society. That is precisely what cooperatives are and what cooperatives do, and that is precisely why it is so exciting that they should flourish in America and the Western world. □

Arnold Beichman

A War Without End

The terrorist should be thought no different from the secret agent who when caught behind the lines in wartime is shot.

Being a terrorist means never having to say you're sorry. In fact, today's terrorist expects an apology from his intended victims and front-page publication of his manifestoes by the media. After all, they are willing accomplices of a society which has forced the terrorist to threaten apocalyptic murder when he'd rather be making careless love. It is the terrorist's sometimes warranted assumption that when apprehended he is not expected to express regret at what he's done but to raise his fingers in a victory salute. And the hostage syndrome is well recognized. Hostages, unharmed in body if not in spirit, often express concern after their release for the terrorist's welfare, or else they praise the terrorist's good manners, breeding, education, intelligence, fondness for children, and allowing airline passengers unrestricted access to the bathroom. It has been noted that on occasion the liberated have resented their liberators.

Contrition, repentance—such primitive sentiments are what one might expect from ordinary criminals, not from terrorists. Criminals *will* their criminality but terrorists do not will *their* terrorism. It is bourgeois society which drives them to their "propaganda of the deed" showmanship. (1) Their criminality is not criminality; their deeds are mitigated by sacred inner drives and a utopian hatred of bourgeois values. (The phrase "bourgeois morality," George Orwell wrote, is a hostile translation of the phrase "common decency.")

Alexander Solzhenitsyn has noted the parallel between Russia in the nineteenth century and the West today, the same "universal adulation of revolutionaries...if not as a cult of terror in society, then as a fierce defense of the terrorists." Conor Cruise O'Brien has described "the sense of guilt which many educated middle-class people feel about the privileges they possess and which of course they don't want to give up." (2) There is also a desire to spread the guilt of the terrorists among friends, relatives, class, society. Thus, Anthony Lukas' 1971 book on the student terrorists was titled *Don't Shoot, We Are Your Children.* In *Hitler's Children*, Jillian Becker argues that the Baader-Meinhof terrorist band was granted absolution in advance by leading academicians and intellectuals in Germany because the *Rote Armee Fraktion* (Red Army Faction), as this band called itself, had engaged their sacred honor in a struggle against what they called "consumption fascism." The phrase justified firebombing department stores in Germany, Belgium, and Japan because the terrorists were acting "on principle," not for personal gain.

Becker points out that "Ulrike's [Meinhof] rich and important helpers were numerous and ubiquitous." Without such support,

Arnold Beichman, associate professor of political science at the University of Massachusetts, Boston, teaches a seminar on politics and terrorism.

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as well as an infrastructure to provide training, essential documentation, and safe housing, the Baader-Meinhof gang couldn't have operated. How does it happen that these killers, arsonists, kidnappers, rapists, thieves, plane hijackers, robbers, bombers, torturers, even lunatics have managed to find so many allies and supporters in the realm of High Culture? Did these terrorists appeal to some dark side of the German intelligentsia as did the Weather Underground to a surprisingly large sector of the American intelligentsia? Who are these German terrorists? Becker's answer is a genealogical metaphor: The RAF terrorists are "Hitler's children."

But they aren't, any more than the Symbionese Liberation Army, the Weathermen, the Japanese Red Army, or the Italian Brigades are Hitler's children. If the RAF and all other terrorist gangs are anybody's children, they are the progeny of Ché Guevara, Frantz Fanon, Herbert Marcuse, Sergei Nechayev, Regis Debray, Georges Sorel, Leon Trotsky, or horrors like Andrew Kopkind who in the *New York Review of Books* (24 August 1967) wrote: "Morality, like politics, starts at the barrel of a gun." (3) It would be much easier to call the RAF "Stalin's children" than Hitler's since not only did Stalin invent the "legal terror" but he was enthusiastically supported by an enormous number of western intellectuals. (4)

Becker's book title exploits our sense of horror about Hitler, but it is seriously misleading because it implies a connection between what explains the Nazi phenomenon and today's anomic terrorism. I can find no such connection, nor any plausible theory to explain why people become terrorists.

Perhaps one reason why no such theory exists is that, analogously, no one has yet come up with an acceptable theory of crime. Sir Leon Radzinowicz, the distinguished British criminologist, concedes after a lifetime of research that the quest for the causes of crime has led nowhere. Justice Macklin Fleming, who wrote *Of Crimes and Rights*, agrees. Cesare Lombroso could not explain crime through 19th-century biology any more than can those geneticists who have sought a link between criminality and a chromosomal defect in man. Psychiatry and psychoanalysis have not brought us nearer to a theory of character that accounts for "great men" or criminals. Nor has sociology answered the question of what causes criminal behavior. As Dr. William Vogel, director of Psychological Research at Worcester, Mass., State Hospital, said recently:

> The fact is those of us who study criminal behavior do not know the answer to the central question of why one person turns to crime when nine of ten persons raised in similar circumstances do not.

A recent conference at the International Institute of Higher Studies in Criminal Sciences found "most of the experts at a loss to outline successful countermeasures against the political criminals." They agreed that the death penalty was no deterrent, rehabilitation would not work, and imprisonment would have a limited effect.

A tremendous amount of data collected about modern terrorism may afford some understanding of the phenomenon, even if the data provide not a clue to a theory of causation. But the data are frequently contradictory or warped because there seems to be no broad agreement—either among governments or political scientists—as to a definition of terrorism.. "One man's terrorist is another man's freedom fighter," is the usual cliché but there is some truth to it. Nevertheless, here are some of the basic ideas, prophecies, and statistics which students of political terrorism must contend with:

1. Robert H. Kupperman, chief scientist of the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency, has warned that "there is no doubt that mass annihilation is feasible, and resourceful, technically-oriented thugs are capable of doing it." (5)

2. According to the CIA (the CIA now has a data bank called ITERATE—International Terrorism: Attributes of Terrorist Events), between 1968 and 1976 there were 1,152 terrorist attacks including 501 bombings, 146 plane and train hijackings, 137 kidnappings, 103 incendiary attacks, and 63 assassinations. Almost half of these occurred in Western Europe. About one-third of the attacks have been against Americans or their property.

3. Of 146 international terrorists arrested by West European governments before 1975, 140 were released. No apprehended terrorist has been executed in a western democracy in the 1970s. Between 1970 and 1975, less than 20 percent of captured international terrorists actually served their prison terms, and the *average* sentence was only 18 months. Much of the risk for terrorists has been eliminated.

4. Three international conventions—Hague, Tokyo, Montreal—have been submitted to the UN. These conventions provide for prosecution and extradition of commercial-aircraft hijackers and saboteurs. To date, according to Secretary of State Vance, 62 countries have ratified all three conventions; 55 have ratified none. Last year, 17 Western European countries signed an agreement to make extradition of terrorists easier. As of early 1978, however, the agreement had not yet been tested.

Despite the figures, it should be clear that the UN's majority favors terrorism as a political weapon, so long as it is directed against the democracies. On 16 December 1977, Edward Mezvinsky, a member of the U.S. delegation to the UN, explained why the U.S. had voted against a proposed resolution on the protection of detained or imprisoned persons. Draft Resolution VI, he said, "could be interpreted by some as calling for the blanket release of terrorists, hijackers, and others who use political slogans to excuse their criminal acts as defined by international law." One can be sure that, in time, Draft Resolution VI will be passed by a large UN General Assembly majority.

5. At the request of Senator Jacob Javits, the State Department has identified three governments which aid and abet terrorism—Libya, Iraq, and South Yemen (Somalia used to be on the list but since the 1977 Mogadishu rescue mission by West Germany, some question exists as to its further inclusion). Another list, that of the CIA, includes the above plus others which have supported terrorism in the past or still do—the USSR, China, North Korea, Algeria, Yemen, Tanzania, Congo, Zaire, Egypt, Syria, and Lebanon.

6. With possible exceptions such as the PLO and the IRA, terrorist "programs" are nonexistent, therefore non-negotiable. There is no way of studying terrorist ideology in any meaningful fashion. (6)

7. Most terrorists are products of upper middle-class families, at least those who have been publicly identified. Terrorism is primarily an avocation of the young—those in their twenties and thirties, according to Walter Laqueur.

8. Terrorism in the nineteenth and early twentieth century was directed against foreign imperialist rule. Today's terrorism is directed almost exclusively against permissive democratic societies and ineffective authoritarian regimes. Dictatorships, as far as is known, are free of terrorism. (7) It is not the fact that dictatorships are, by definition, more efficient and ruthless than democracies which grants the former their relative immunity. Perhaps Lionel Trilling's view of democracy in his essay on "George Orwell and the Politics of Truth" explains our problem. Democracy, said Trilling, has "told us that genius is available to anyone, that the grace of ultimate prestige may be had by anyone, that we may all be princes and potentates, or saints and visionaries and holy martyrs of the heart and mind." *La carrière ouverte aux talents,* even for terrorists.

9. There is no guarantee that statesmen or governments who act decisively against terrorist coups will be supported by the liberal-left or be granted an exculpatory benefit of the doubt if the

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terrorists are or claim to be Marxists or of the left. Prime Minister Trudeau of Canada suspended some civil rights and assumed emergency powers in October 1970 when an openly avowed terrorist organization, *Le Front de Libération du Québec* (FLQ), kidnapped a British diplomat and the Quebec Minister of Labor. (9) The FLQ had claimed responsibility for bombings over a period of seven years before the kidnappings. The constitutional right of the Canadian government to declare a state of national emergency had been upheld by the Supreme Court of Canada. Nevertheless, though terrorism (although not separatism) was halted in its tracks by Trudeau's exemplary action, Canada's liberal-left opinion is that at best he overreacted and at worst established a police state—even though he later lifted the restrictions and restored full civil liberties.

10. No one seems to know for certain whether the Soviet KGB has an organic connection with modern terrorism or what if any hierarchical structure exists—or even if there is a relationship—between the "left" terrorists and the KGB. A report to the *Christian Science Monitor* said that the USSR is not "innocent of contacts with the transnational terrorists. Russian supplies have even been traced to the Provisional IRA, as well as to the Palestinians." Herbert Romerstein, formerly on the staff of the House Committee on Internal Security, has written that the USSR, "sometimes directly but more often through surrogates, provides training, support, and ideological justification for most of the world's political terrorism." Cuba and East Germany would fill the bill as surrogates; both seem to be involved with terrorism in the West as well as in southern Africa.

11. Reliable statistics on the incidence of terrorism are hard to find, due probably to the lack of an agreed-upon definition of terrorist acts. For example, the Italian Interior Ministry said that *in Italy alone* there had been 2,080 "terrorist attacks" in 1977, compared with 1,352 in 1976 and 702 in 1975. Yet (see #2, above) the CIA reported only 544 terrorist attacks in Western Europe and a total of 1,152 in all the years from 1968 to 1976. The *New York Times* said that as of November 1977, there had only been 41 "terrorist attacks" in Italy.

In actual fact, better statistics or more acceptable definitions would make little difference in our ability to deal with the problem of terrorism. It is because the incidence of terrorism is tiny compared to crime generally that we find it difficult to evolve any foolproof method for dealing with threatened or actual terrorism. There are no uniformities or regularities in terrorism with which we might predict when, where, what, or who-whom. Therefore, the blunderbuss, the shotgun method. Airplanes in danger of hijacking? Search everybody and sniff all baggage. Everybody is suspect and so-called "profiles" of potential terrorists—a revival of the discarded Lombroso approach to criminals—are useless because the terrorist can be the kid next door, driven to do the impossible and unspeakable.

What the terrorist does is truly beyond comprehension, beyond any measurable, recognizable value system. "Fashionable madmen raise their pedantic boring cry," wrote W.H. Auden, but their words are beyond translation; their logic redefines the universe so that a Baader-Meinhof sympathizer can say on a television interview program that Germany under the Social Democrats is the same as Germany under the Nazis. Such a finding is not too different from that of Herbert Marcuse, the philosopher-provocateur, who has argued that western democracy is tainted by "repressive tolerance" and is, therefore, a modern form of fascism.

In the face of unexpected and even undeserved calamities we can shrug that God in his wisdom moves in mysterious ways. But the terrorist is no deity however much he would act, to use Freud's description, as a prosthetic god. In this decade he has declared war against all perhaps because natural (to the terrorist) targets like national leaders have become harder and harder to assassinate, particularly in authoritarian countries let alone in totalitarian states, or even at the United Nations, which seems off-limits to assassins. How declare a whole people off-limits, a whole continent of humanity off-limits? In short, how can the evil of terrorism be ended?

In a realistic sense, terrorism cannot be ended in the way one could hope to eliminate smallpox or measles. The terrorist has a psychological advantage over democratic societies, the advantage of a cost-benefit analysis which demonstrates to him that the returns of his "propaganda of the deed" are enormous. We are baffled by the terrorist who dares all, but the terrorist is not. He is working what in Las Vegas is known as the house "edge." The odds, as the statistics show, are against anything serious happening to him. Since the aim of terrorism is often simply terrorism, and the investment is small in proportion to the return, not only the act itself but the mere threat is enough to give the terrorist the feeling that victory will someday be his.

Trudeau dealt successfully with the FLQ because the aim of the outlaw *separatistes* was definable—an independent Quebec—and containable. They were, to use Conor Cruise O'Brien's typology, secessionist/irridentists like the Provisional IRA, not millenarians like the Weather Underground, the RAF, or the Symbionese Liberation Army. The millenarian terrorist has no stake in anything except terror, unlike the secessionist/irridentist who might end his war were he granted a Palestine state or an independent Ulster. There is no way to negotiate with the rootless and self-expatriated ones (except during a hijacking incident), no way to arrange a final agreement because there can be no final terms.

The Baader-Meinhof gang demonstrates why it is difficult to suppress terrorism. The RAF is dedicated to the overthrow of the constitutional system of the Federal Republic of Germany, one which the majority of West Germans accept. On the other hand, the terrorists enjoy the constitutional protections of the very system they have sworn to destroy. The RAF has declared war against West Germany, as did the FLQ against the government of Canada in 1970. The Canadian government declared the FLQ an outlawed organization and its members outside the civil-liberties umbrella. Had the Canadian government not acted in this fashion, it would have tacitly been accepting the FLQ as a quasi-legitimate actor in the Canadian polity with the right to compete for the loyalties of French- or Anglo-Canadians.

In this regard, Professor Edward Shils once wrote that "The ineffectiveness of authority is a stimulus to aggressiveness against it." Italy is an excellent example of what Shils is talking about. "The past year [1977] has put Italy at the top of the European league of sustained terrorist violence," said a recent leader in the *Economist*. The danger of the Italian government's incapacity "is not that [terrorism] will lead to an authoritarian response....The danger is that the checks on authoritarianism in Italy are so complete that the system is becoming incapable of enforcing any authority at all." Italy's dilemma is that the Christian Democrats won't move without the support of the left-wing parties. The Communists are afraid of supporting law-and-order measures lest they offend their revolutionary cadres. Says the *Economist*:

> Instead of acting against violence Italian political leaders congratulate themselves on doing nothing to infringe civil liberties, heedless of the fact that *freedom from fear of violence is itself a central civil liberty* [emphasis in original].

In *Just and Unjust Wars*, Michael Walzer argues that the function of terrorism is twofold. First, it aims to destroy the morale and solidarity of a nation by "the random murder of innocent people," randomness being the "crucial feature" of terrorist activity. Second, terrorism is a tactic to avoid engagement with the "enemy army" and thus represents a continuation of war by political means. Walzer argues: 1. Terrorism is a totalitarian form of war and politics. 2. Terrorism shatters the war convention and political code. 3. Terrorism "breaks across moral limits beyond which no further limitation seems possible."

If one carries the Walzer argument to a logical conclusion one finds that the terrorist is no different from the secret agent of conventional armies caught behind enemy lines. The secret agent has no rights under any of the codes of war such as a uniformed soldier-prisoner might have. The enemy agent caught behind the lines in wartime is shot. The terrorist who has unilaterally declared

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war on innocent people cannot be regarded as a misguided utopian or benevolent revolutionary; terrorists are not our children.

For such a conclusion—the firing squad or the noose—to become acceptable there is required an elite public opinion to support whatever legislation is needed. I imagine not even Professor Walzer, like many intellectuals, would favor a drumhead court-martial for the terrorist guilty of murder. That, of course, is the problem with "solutions" or programs dealing with terrorism; and it is difficult to say what government ought to do if one rejects the argument that the terrorist, being a self-declared enemy agent, deserves execution.

A bill proposed by Senators Jacob Javits and Abraham Ribicoff attempts to deal with terrorism in an organized fashion, even to the extent of offering a definition:

> (a) "terrorism" includes but is not limited to the calculated use of violence or the threat of violence to obtain political goals through instilling fear, intimidation, or coercion. It usually involves a criminal act, often symbolic in nature and intended to influence an audience beyond the immediate victims; and
> (b) "international terrorism" is terrorism transcending national boundaries in the carrying out of the act, the purpose of the act, the nationalities of the victims or the resolution of the incident. These acts are usually designed to attract wide publicity to focus attention on the existence, cause or demands of the terrorists.

The bill calls for establishment of a Council for Combating Terrorism in the Executive Office of the President, one of whose purposes will be "to press for international sanctions against convicted terrorists." In addition, the bill calls for an Assistant Secretary of State and an Assistant Attorney General to be appointed to deal with terrorism and declares that "economic sanctions should be directed at countries which harbor, aid, abet or assist terrorists." A List of Countries Aiding Terrorist Enterprises (LOCATE) is to be drawn up by the president who is authorized to impose such sanctions as warnings against travel by U.S. citizens, suspension of direct commercial air service, and suspension or curtailment of trade. There is much more in the 1977 bill than I have included in this summary; and the 1978 bill won't be too different.

On the face of it, one might think it ridiculous to create a new bureaucracy to deal with a few hundred—or at most 3,000—terrorists scattered around the world. Each day there are bank robberies but no one suggests deploying a new bureaucracy, national and international, to deal with the far greater problem, statistically, of bank holdups. What is more, we accept as a fact of human existence in a contingent universe that we shall always have with us madmen who hear voices and thereupon get atop college towers and shoot down passersby, or fathers who kill their children, or kidnappers who steal a busload of children. Such acts are individual, the acts of "loners," neither purposeful nor political nor menacing to society. Terrorism is different because every act is intended to have an intimidating global visibility. The mere threat of terrorism can be sufficient reason for widespread media publicity, e.g., "EUROPE FEARS HOLIDAY TERRORISM" read the *New York Times* headline 14 December 1977. Therefore, even though not much can be accomplished through police work to end terrorism, every democratic society (since these are really the only ones against which terrorism is directed) must organize itself so as to protect the right of its inhabitants to domestic tranquility.

The terrorist has made it quite clear by his actions that no compromise is ever possible, that a lull in the action is not the end of the game but a time-out for regrouping. We must be prepared for that day when a note will arrive on the desk of the Mayor of the City of New York that a doomsday weapon is ticking away on the umpteenth floor of the Empire State Building in Room 3030 and that any attempt to stop its ticking will set it off. To save Manhattan the price demanded will be _____ (fill in yourself). What then?

I don't know what then, but I suggest that until doomsday the terrorist who attacks the innocent must know in advance that a drumhead court-martial will follow his apprehension; and execution, his conviction. There can be no forgiving the literal killer of the literal innocent. Because the terrorist is the enemy agent operating behind the lines, the question of being for or against capital punishment does not arise. No opponent of capital punishment I know of opposes killing an enemy in wartime or the firing squad for the spy. Opposition to capital punishment is not synonymous with pacifism. A battle may not necessarily act as a deterrent to war but the concomitant casualties may at least reduce the size of the enemy forces.

The malignant intelligence—poisoning Israeli oranges with mercury—combined with criminal audacity—the assassination of Youssef Sebaei, editor of *Al Ahram*—may be counterproductive by any logical analysis, but there may be a deeper emotional force at work which satisfies the terrorist, win or lose. It was well said by Moloch in Milton's *Paradise Lost*:

> ...and by proof we feel
> Our power sufficient to disturb his Heaven,
> And with perpetual inroads to alarm,
> Though inaccessible, his fatal throne:
> Which if not victory is yet revenge. □

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1. In recent years, many behavioral scientists have argued that crime is sometimes the victim's fault, i.e., some personality trait of the victim "offends the offender," as one psychologist put it. Another behavioral scientist, Richard Evans, after the murder of Robert Kennedy said that the Kennedys were "victims in search of assassins." This branch of psychology now has its own name—victimology (*New York Times*, 18 December 1977, Section E, p. 8). The concept of victimology may also apply to certain kinds of politico-economic systems. For example, Sean MacBride, UN High Commissioner for Namibia and a Nobel Peace Prize winner, was recently quoted as follows: "The capitalist system is terrorism and the people are forced to take up arms and revolt against the system." West German terrorists, he said, are a "counter-reaction [to a] collapse of values" (*Washington Post News Service*; 8 October 1977).

2. See his "Liberty & Terror," *Encounter* (October 1977), p. 40.

3. In his *Catechism of the Revolutionist*, Sergei Nechayev wrote: "The revolutionist is a doomed man. He has no personal interests, no affairs, no sentiments, attachments, property, not even a name of his own. Everything in him is absorbed by one exclusive interest, one thought, one passion—the revolution. Day and night he must have one thought, one aim—inexorable destruction." Quoted in Lewis S. Feuer, *The Conflict of Generations*, p. 527.

4. Perhaps in one regard Hitler might bear some relationship to the RAF—anti-Semitism. At a judicial hearing in December 1972, Ulrike Meinhof asked from the dock: "How was Auschwitz possible, what was anti-Semitism? People should have explained all that instead of accepting Auschwitz collectively as an expression of evil...Auschwitz meant that six million Jews were killed, and thrown on the waste-heap of Europe, for what they were: money-Jews [*Geld-juden*]....Germans are anti-Semitic, and that is why they nowadays support the Red Army Faction." George Watson, *Politics and Literature in Modern Britain*, p. 134.

5. *New York Times*, 15 November 1977. Kupperman has also estimated that there are 50 active terrorist groups and about 3,000 members around the world.

6. Andreas Baader, the eponymous hero of the RAF, "hadn't read Marx or Marcuse or Mao. He hadn't read anything at all. He had had nothing to do with politics. It was all s--t." Jillian Becker, *Hitler's Children*, p. 73.

7. However, Professor Marshall I. Goldman, associate director of Harvard's Russian Research Center, has written that "terrorist attacks... are plaguing Soviet authorities." Professor Goldman, who last year taught in the Soviet Union, said that his students told him of "several explosions and near misses in recent months" (*New York Times*, 26 January 1978).

8. The suspension of civil liberties occurred only in the Province of Quebec and in contiguous areas of Ontario. The kidnapped British diplomat, James Cross, was later freed by arrangement with his kidnappers who were granted asylum in Cuba. The Quebec official, Pierre Laporte, was murdered by his kidnappers who were later arrested.

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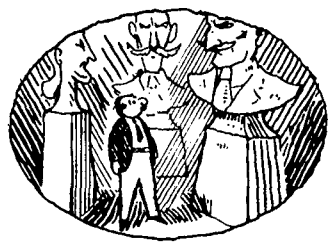
EMINENTOES
by
Michiko Kakutani



Radicals Redux

Thanks to features in *Newsweek* and *People* and spots on TV, we have been treated, over the last year, to a nostalgic rerun on the sixties radicals: not only "Where are they now?" but "What kind of apartments do they live in?" and "What kind of cereal do they eat in the morning?" For the 1966 House Un-American Activities Committee hearings, Jerry Rubin dressed up in a Revolutionary War outfit, hoping to capture the media's and hence the nation's eye. He succeeded. The sixties kids have become celebrities of sorts, rivals to Linda Ronstadt and Robert Redford for attention and quotation; Communist Angela Davis and rapist Eldridge Cleaver even made the 1973 Celebrity Register. In the tradition of Billy the Kid and Butch Cassidy, these modern outlaws have been reborn as harmless, even respectable, curiosities.

Of course, these not-so-merry pranksters have been their own best PR men. All those theatrics—nominating a pig for president, stitching bits of flag to the seat of their pants, stealing government documents—have spawned a successful money-making enterprise that would make the best graduate of Dale Carnegie proud. At a time when a *New York Times* poll tells us that two-thirds of all college students don't even know what Jacksonian democracy is, Chicago Seven defendant David Dellinger is teaching a course at Yale University on—what else?—sixties radicalism. Daniel Ellsberg of Pentagon Papers notoriety is living the good life in California, supported by thousand-dollar lecture fees. Eldridge Cleaver, Black Panther turned preacher, is similarly employed. Abbie Hoffman, John Froines, Tom Hayden, Angela Davis, Bobby Seale, and Teenie Weenie Deanie (the acid guru) are hard at work on autobiographies, immortalizing themselves in our pantheon of narcissists. Always one for excess, ex-Yippie Jerry Rubin has finished his second autobiography.

Michiko Kakutani is a staff writer at Time.

"Everyone I know is into self-improvement now," writes Rubin in *Growing (Up) at 37*, his latest contemplation of self. "In five years from 1971 to 1975, I directly experienced est, gestalt therapy, bioenergetics, rolfing, massage, jogging, health foods, tai chi, Esalen, hypnotism, modern dance, meditation, Silva Mind control, Arica, acupuncture, sex therapy, Reichian therapy, and More House—a smorgasbord course in New Consciousness." It all sounds like a modest improvement over Charlie ("Greening of America") Reich's Consciousness III, but with Rubin and his girl friend incorporating themselves as a "Human Potential" movement, and Rennie Davis selling insurance while exalting in the "light and music and vibration" of TM, one is inclined to agree with Hayden's comment in *Newsweek* that the seventies have become "a very selfish decade. It's all me. People who experienced a profound disappointment trying to change the system are jogging and growing vegetables and concentrating on brightening their corner of the world."

Still, the apparent metamorphosis from self-proclaimed socially-conscious idealist to narcissistic navel-gazer has really not been so abrupt. While many did oppose the war and fight for civil rights on moral grounds, many more joined the revolution for more pragmatic—one might even say selfish—reasons. Reasons like: free welfare, free drugs, freedom from all those nasty little inconveniences of life like cutting one's hair, serving one's country by accepting the draft, or taking a job instead of collecting unemployment. As former radical Andrew Kopkind writes in the fifth anniversary issue of the *Real Paper*, "It was rock and dope and sex and Ho Chi Minh." Even Hayden himself admits the revolutionists were something less than selfless. "Most of the people who came to form SDS did so out of personal experience rather than a political background," he says: "Conditions on campus like standardized dress and food and dormitory regulations brought it home."

"I celebrate myself and sing myself," wrote Walt Whitman a century ago. "Nothing, not God, is greater to one than oneself is...nor do I understand who there can be more wonderful than myself." Many of the sixties kids echoed those words. "Do your own thing" implied that one did not have to answer to someone on high, that one's own vision was clearer, better, more moral than others'. But while it is certainly nice to think that one is different from the boring, mediocre horde, that things would be peachy if only people didn't build bombs, such visions are... well, utopian, and for some of our revolutionaries, it didn't take long to discover that their alternatives to the bourgeois grind didn't exactly bring them closer to nirvana. Witness the case of the Weatherman organization, named after a Bob Dylan song, initiated with a chant in praise of Charles Manson, and dedicated to the proposition of equality. The group has recently come on hard times: Bernadine Dohrn's contingent quit, accusing the others of "male pig chauvinism"; the remaining members of the Boston branch split over the busing question—some supporting the blacks, others the white working class; Manson, it turned out, was not only a woman-hating tyrant, but a murderer and a nut; even Bob Dylan, according to his wife, was a wife-beater.

The painted faces, the shouted limericks, the flag burnings have, mercifully, faded away. The 1972 Convention of the Youth International Party expelled Jerry Rubin, age 34, and Abbie Hoffman, age 35, and the dwindling ranks of the still-young Yippies have turned to simple dada tactics—throwing pies instead of grenades. Most of the sixties kids are over thirty now, and Amerika with its cries of "to the barricades" is no country for old men. But the residue of those days is still with us. By their very extremism and vulgarity, the radicals made the likes of

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George McGovern and Hubert Humphrey seem positively stodgy and middle-of-the-road. And when they trimmed their own locks and put on neckties, a number of the kids themselves found acceptance in the system: Chicago Seven defendant John Froines is working for the government (appropriately enough, for OSHA), as is former campus activist Sam Brown; and Tom Hayden has just finished a moderately successful run for the U.S. Senate. Never mind that they still cling to their leftist notions—the visible fact that Bill Kunstler now drives a CB-equipped auto or that Jane Fonda appears on the cover of *McCall's* is somehow soothing to the public.

Take, for instance, the case of the Black Panthers. Outwardly, they have mellowed: Instead of wearing berets and threatening to bomb New Haven, they are now providing free lunches for black children in Berkeley. Elaine Brown, who headed the Panther party while Huey Newton sojourned in Cuba, was until recently an advisor to Oakland Mayor Lionel Wilson; she now lives in Los Angeles and is rumored to be a friend of Jerry Brown. Angela Davis, self-styled disciple of Mao and Marcuse, has been teaching a course called "The Female Condition: Search for a Marxist Approach" at Stanford University. Warren Kimbro, a former Panther who admitted murdering Alex Rackley and was originally sentenced to life imprisonment, is Assistant Dean of Student Affairs at Eastern Connecticut State College. His compatriot, Erika Huggins, is a California school-board member. All this in spite of the fact that the Panthers openly admit that they still believe in arming the black community against the police, that they are still committed to their old goals of "full employment first, socialism later."

Repackaged and resold, the politics and ethics of the sixties radicals are gaining wider acceptance. Watergate also helped the revolution, the disgrace of Richard Nixon giving all who opposed him an air of undeserved sanctity. We were against Nixon, reasoned the kids, Nixon was bad, ergo we were right all along. Shallow argument that—but effective. With Senator Church indicating he thinks the CIA is a greater threat to the nation than the KGB, and Paul Warnke, our SALT negotiator, urging the U.S. to unilaterally disarm, there is growing evidence of what Harvard sociologist David Riesman calls "the new vanity of believing that America is the worst among nations and that we [must] search to locate the worst villains within that worst America."

Increasingly, the subversive acts of the sixties are glorified and spokesmen apologize for the system. The Chicago 7, the Harrisburg 7, the Camden 17, the Seattle 7, the Kansas City 4, the Evanston 4, and the Gainesville 8 are all free. Bernadine Dohrn, who once said of the Sharon Tate murders, "Dig it, first they killed those pigs, then they ate dinner in the same room with them, then they even shoved a fork into a victim's stomach—wild!" has not been apprehended, but her pursuers, the FBI, are under investigation for illegally-used wiretaps. On television, Dick Cavett tells Jane Fonda that he's sorry if he ever gave her a hard time in the past, that we all realize now she was right about the war from the beginning. Speaking of what he calls George Jackson's "assassination" (Jackson's the one who was shot by guards after he and his fellow inmates killed five people while trying to escape from prison), Julian Bond says "it was the expected outcome of his constant attacks on a vicious system which was unable to crush his spirit or his body."

"The old-fashioned respect for the young is fast dying out," lamented Oscar Wilde once. It's too bad he wasn't right. □

John Nollson

The Grantsy

It's here.

The new breathy, bristly, brash, brawny, bruising, braless novel by Harold Robbins—the book that lays open the busty, lusty world of scholar and patron. The ceaseless struggle for THE GRANTSY. Bran Brenton, with two monotonous monographs to his mention, seeks to crash the big time, the world of the formless, fornicating, formica foundations, there to contest for the grandest of grand prizes, THE GRANTSY.

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Beatrice, the Beautiful Biologist—ready to do anything, even to offer up her sleek, slithering, slim, slender, sassy, seething, sensual—and all-around yummy—body in her sensuous quest for THE GRANTSY.

Shmuel, the Schlemiel of a Mathematician—though he knows he doesn't have a Chinaman's chance, he yields to his mother's endless nagging, and seeks THE GRANTSY.

Gregg, the Gorgeous Geometer—who knew all the angles, and angled for the greatest angle of them all, THE GRANTSY.

Arthur, the Asexual Actuary—he knew all the hot numbers and always got them to add up, until the hot numbers were cooled off when he failed to win THE GRANTSY.

Lawrence, the Lecherous Linguist—who knew how to talk a great game of grantsmanship, but whose transformational grammar could not parse THE GRANTSY.

Cyrena, the Scatological Sculptress—who carried the scent of the sordid sculpture once paid for by THE GRANTSY.

Toni, the Tyrolian Typologist—he knew the surfaces of the female form like nobody's business, but whose business got him no body, when he tangentially tiptoed too tentatively toward the top ticket, THE GRANTSY.

Harris, the Hermaphroditic Historian—his poor past and impecunious present were all contained in his fecund future, with THE GRANTSY.

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And excerpts will be among the reading comprehension questions on the Scholastic Aptitude Test! □

THE GREAT AMERICAN SALOON SERIES

by

James P. Melling II

Louisville's Cunningham's

Cunningham's is Louisville's anachronism, having survived more than its share of urban-renewal projects. The old neighborhood has had its face lifted too many times, but Cunningham's faithfully bespeaks Louisville's past. It echoes the days when it was possible to visit a barber and not only have your hair clipped instead of styled, but if you so desired have your face shaved by a man who was more comfortable with his razor than without it. More than a saloon, it stands as an object lesson in the social and political history of Louisville, Kentucky.

Nothing better conveys the spirit of the place than a series of photographs affixed to the wall of the back bar. Taken by R.G. Potter in 1893, the first shows a group of men in top hats and greatcoats standing on the frozen Ohio River with the new "Big Four" railroad bridge and the city of Jeffersonville, Indiana, in the background. The next has the same group of men, still on the river, clustered around a large, circular wooden structure which the caption indicates is a saloon. The final, triumphant photograph shows several of the men, glasses in gloved hands, setting out for the Indiana shore, despite the inclement conditions of the day. In a sterling diplomatic gesture, they are about to share the warmth of what must be a tumbler of bourbon with their Indiana neighbors. I doubt that any of today's patrons considered moving a saloon on the Ohio River when it froze last winter; but if they had, the symbolic greatness of the act would have passed unheralded in this day and age.

Established in 1870, four years before Aristedes won the first running of the Kentucky Derby, Cunningham's has had a colorful if not shady past. The first owner of the saloon was a young butcher named Melton who bought the old red stable at the corner of Fifth and Breckenridge and transformed the front room into a sandwich shop (the rear half of the building continued to serve as a blacksmith shop, while the hayloft was left untouched). Not long after, Mr. Melton concluded that what he needed was a fine Pilsener to complement his edibles. The Phoenix Hill Brewery, in this period of the pencil-thin mustache, was able to provide the necessary libations as well as introduce Louisvillians to the Hoffman House. This huge schooner has since become the trademark of the hearty beer-drinker at Cunningham's. Though for the less spirited, tall thin slicks of beer can be had. Of course, this is at the expense of one's pride and a typical waiter's barbed wit.

The sandwich shop flourished, the blacksmith shop closed, and the Congress took a fated step backwards when it passed the Prohibition Act. Being a clever and flexible fellow, Melton promptly turned his delicatessen and bar into a delicatessen and soft-drink stand. Trade remained brisk with Melton sliding more and more soft drinks down his long mahogany bar. Unfortunately, a federal agent caught one of these drinks and, upon sampling it, noted that its contents were not exactly soft. The soft-drink stand and delicatessen were unceremoniously closed and the Phoenix Hill Brewery became a cemetery.

During Prohibition, the old stable was rented to a charming lady who was known to many Louisvillians as Miss Polly. It is said that Miss Polly ran a not so proper but very profitable boarding house until the national sickness was cured.

It was after Prohibition that James "Cap" Gunningham purchased the stable. As a former captain of police, Cap felt perfectly comfortable with any of a number of socially undesirable people. His friends seemed to be drawn from a lot of politicians, baseball players from the Louisville Colonels, burlesque queens, or racehorse players. Being the gregarious sort of fellow that he was, it was only natural for Cap to encourage his friends to frequent his new establishment. Besides, it was the only opportunity many city officials would have to see the painting of George Washington that once hung in the Jefferson County Courthouse. This painting had strangely disappeared from the courthouse the day Cap ventured into another realm of public service.

Knowing many of his friends' penchant for privacy and low visibility, Cap thoughtfully kept the horse stalls in place in the course of further renovating the stable. He then partitioned each of these into separate, single-party dining rooms. At this time the front half of the hayloft became Cap's office while the remainder was revamped in a fashion similar to that on the first floor. Also, a small bar was added in the rear of the building where the black-

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James P. Melling II is a graduate student in public affairs at Indiana University.

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smith once plied his trade. A piano was placed in this room as well. ("When The Saints Go Marching In" became the house song.) Finally, the menu was enlarged to include what are now the house specialties: chili, turtle soup, and hot browns.

The flavor of the conversation that has filled Cunningham's over the years can only be detected by spending an afternoon in this brassy old saloon. Despite lengthy debate, to this day no one is quite certain what prompted an enraged individual to embed two silver dollars in the floor by the front bar. Nor is anyone certain whether a gun has ever been fired in Cunningham's, although legend and the holes in the wall by the Fifth Street door suggest that it may have happened. It is also quite plausible that very few of Cunningham's patrons have read Rudyard Kipling, but most would readily agree that "A woman is only a woman. But a cigar is a good smoke." And it would be wholly impossible to calculate the number of hours spent trying to determine the faster of two species: Kentucky's thoroughbreds or Kentucky's women. But you would be hard put to find an argument over which species is the most faithful.

Not too many of Cap's friends can be seen holding forth at the front bar these days, but if you are eating in one of the stalls you may well find yourself surrounded by pictures of such luminaries as former governor of Kentucky and commissioner of baseball, A.B. "Happy" Chandler; famed burlesque queen, Sally Rand; or the very popular former mayor of Louisville, Charley Farnsley.

Most of them are gone now. But by having a Hoffman House at the front bar of Cunningham's, you are able to rest your elbows on a bar that has served some of the most colorful figures in Kentucky's history. □

BOOK REVIEW

Haven in a Heartless World: The Family Besieged
Christopher Lasch / Basic Books / $12.95

Stephen Miller

Both the friends and the enemies of the sixties often forget that the adversary culture which flourished then was composed of two overlapping yet distinct parts: a left-wing political culture and what has been commonly called the counterculture. Essentially antinomian in its clamor for personal liberation, the counterculture, unlike the left-wing political culture, was only marginally interested in politics. And it was also, unlike the left, suspicious of mind, favoring that larger, more nebulous entity—the psyche. Perhaps because it looked down on traditional intellectual inquiry, the counterculture produced little of lasting influence, as witness the fate of the works of Charles Reich, the most popular countercultural guru. The left-wing political culture, on the other hand, has been very influential. Its dark, revisionist views of American history have become standard fare in the academic-intellectual world; and the *New York Review of Books*, which served as home base for many of its leading writers, has become the most widely read intellectual journal in the country. The *New York Review of Books*, we should keep in mind, has always come down hard on the counterculture.

It comes as no surprise, then, that Christopher Lasch, whose writings have often appeared in the *New York Review of Books*, attacks the counterculture in his latest book, *Haven in a Heartless World: The Family Besieged*. According to Lasch, both the spirit and the preoccupations of the counterculture, which he says have infected the mainstream of American life, are but symptoms of the "pathology of the bourgeois family," which is the victim of capitalist domination. What Lasch offers us in this book, to put it bluntly, is a common species of radical criticism whereby, as Joseph Epstein has put it, "capitalism is like snake oil in reverse: instead of curing, it causes every illness."

Lasch's work, which has centered on 20th-century American intellectual history, often suffers from verbal inflation, but this book surely cops the Verbal Inflation Prize of the Year, ending as it does with an Orwellian vision of the state's controlling "not merely the individual's body but as much of his spirit as it can preempt; not merely his outer but his inner life as well; not merely the public realm but the darkest corners of private life, formerly inaccessible to political domination." The remark

Stephen Miller is with the National Endowment for the Humanities.

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would be excessive even if Lasch were alluding to the People's Republic of China; but he is speaking, of course, of the United States, where capitalism makes slaves of us *all*—all, that is, except Lasch and similar like-minded people who have managed to resist the state's invasion—a word Lasch frequently uses—of the private realm.

Given Lasch's tendency towards verbal inflation—in one book he spoke of the "agony" of the American left—it is easy to see why this book borders on the hysterical, for the family is a subject that gives a fever to all but the hardiest investigators, a subject that causes a slew of writers—from weekend pundits to child psychiatrists—to wring their hands in dismay. We all know the usual litany—one, surprisingly, that Lasch adopts without inspection: "the family," he says, "has been slowly coming apart for more than a hundred years." Yet this dubious popular wisdom recently has been subjected to the scrutiny of several American historians, and they deny its validity.

Writing in a recent issue of *Daedalus* that was devoted to the family, Tamara K. Hareven denies that "American society has been experiencing breakdown and diversification in family organization." In reality, she says, "the major transitions in family roles have been characterized by greater stability and conformity, because of the greater opportunity for generational continuities." Hareven, moreover, does not accept the notion that the family always should be seen as a victim of social forces beyond its control. The family, she argues, is very much "an active agent, fostering social change and facilitating the adaptation of its members to new social and economic conditions." John Demos, another American historian, made much the same point in an article that appeared in the *American Scholar* several years ago when he said that the family often manages effectively to resist those bent on "social engineering." Far from breaking down because of "changing modes of domination," as Lasch would have it, the family has been remarkably stable in its essential character. "Nothing has been more durable," Demos said, "in the long history of Western family life than its nuclear character."

Lasch, of course, need not agree with these conclusions, but anyone writing on the family in the modern world must take them into account, which Lasch doesn't do. And anyone writing on the family must take into account the problematical nature of the field. As another historian writing in *Daedalus* said, many aspects of family life in the past are "inaccessible to examination" because the evidence currently available for inspection is very skimpy.

Yet Lasch throws caution to the winds and sails right into the subject of the family, conjuring generalizations out of thin air. Expressions such as "modern civilization," "bourgeois mind," "Western marriage system," and "bourgeois family system" fly through the text, unanchored by any clarification or qualification. Indeed, for someone lambasting capitalism, Lasch is insufficiently Marxist in his analysis, ignoring important questions of class. He argues, for example, that as a result of capitalism "work came to be seen as merely a means to an end—for many, sheer physical survival; for others, a rich and satisfying personal life." Leaving aside the question of what work meant for pre-industrial laborers, it is impossible to evaluate this generalization because we do not know to what class it applies; surely work had less meaning for the industrial working class than it had for the entrepreneurial middle class.

If Lasch's book lacks analytical depth, it is also provincial in its scope. Though in some places he talks about the "modern family," it is clear that Lasch is only considering the modern American family. But an analysis that examines the ravaging effects of capitalism must, in order to be convincing, take a look at what capitalism did to the family in other countries—in England, or Sweden, or Japan. Needless to say, Lasch avoids such cross-cultural comparisons altogether.

A prosecutor bent on convincing the jury that capitalism is the villain, Lasch is impatient with the niceties of historical disquisition. He builds his case on the following glib notion: In the heyday of capitalism, capitalists controlled the workers by socializing production; in the contemporary world of late-capitalism, they stay in power by socializing reproduction. That is, capitalists have managed to reduce the family to total dependency, in that way undermining the workers' ability to replace an exploitative system. With tedious insistence, Lasch argues that capitalists have "extended their control over the worker's private life as well, as doctors, psychiatrists, teachers, child guidance experts, officers of the juvenile courts, and other specialists began to supervise child-rearing, formerly the business of the family."

It is one thing to dislike these meddlers, who intervene in the affairs of the capitalists' families as well; it is another to say that they are agents of "capitalist control." Even Lasch admits that the so-called "'helping professions' positioned themselves in the vanguard of the revolt against old-fashioned middle-class morality." If they saw themselves as mitigating the harshness of rigorous free enterprise, by what sleight of mind can we call them part of the "machinery of organized domination"? No doubt the helping professions succeeded in part in deflecting towards the individual criticism that might have been directed against capitalism. But the helping professions also succeeded in undermining the work ethic that underlay capitalism. In any case, Lasch gives no evidence to support his contention that the "governing classes" actually encouraged the helping professions in the hope that their ministrations would mystify workers and thereby render them incapable of combating capitalism. Yet either capitalists have consciously planned to control workers in this way or they have done it unknowingly. If they have done it unknowingly, and if such efforts have enabled them to stay in power, then capitalism works in such mysterious ways that even Lasch himself might be an agent of capitalist control—the resident naysayer whose fulminations indirectly preserve the status quo. Preposterous, yet if one believes Lasch's argument, it is but a small step towards believing this argument.

It is a shame that Lasch was intent on attacking capitalism, for otherwise he has some good things to say about the dreary stuff that has been peddled as social and psychological theory during the past fifty years. Especially good is his attack on a panoply of therapists and would-be experts whom he labels "Doctors to a Sick Society"—those who would understand everything, including political conduct, in psychological terms. Yet even here Lasch is heavy-handed at times. In criticizing the medicalization of society it makes sense to question those who purvey an ideology of mental health, but it does not make sense to attack medicine in general, especially the efforts and discoveries of those who did so much to reduce infant and childhood mortality.

The reasonably penetrating and restrained parts of this book, though, are overwhelmed by Lasch's vitriolic and unfocused attack on capitalism, a word that he uses interchangeably with the state. His shrill animus against the state makes Lasch sound as if he belongs to the woebegone lot of radical libertarians who exist somewhere on the far right. But those on the far right are at least consistent in their uniform hatred of the state, whereas Lasch decidedly is not. Though he spends most of his time excoriating the state for its domination of the private as well as the public realm, he begins his book with a plea for "a new form of society, in which collective needs rather than private profit determine the form and content of production." Presumably, in this new society the withering away of the helping professions will begin immediately. And we all know, of course, that in such collectivist societies as the People's Republic of China or the Republic of Cuba the state refrains from dominating the people.

But why bother to be ironic with Lasch? So full of hatred is he for what he calls the "consumerism," the "organized leisure," and "the calculating, manipulative spirit" of American life that he is probably immune to such rhetorical strategies. The only world he can consider with a degree of equanimity is a world elsewhere. □

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BOOK REVIEW

The Mediterranean and the Mediterranean World in the Age of Philip II
Fernand Braudel / Harper & Row / $5.95 & $6.95 (2 vols.)

Fred Baumann

In 1923 Fernand Braudel began a study of Philip II's Mediterranean foreign policy. In 1949 he published it. What appeared, however, was something different, a monumental history of the Mediterranean Sea itself in the second half of the sixteenth century. The account of Spanish diplomacy served merely as the core of the work's last third, and Braudel only decided to include it after much hesitation. Two things had happened in the meanwhile. First, Braudel had renounced traditional political history, the study of individual actors and events, in favor of the method of the *Annales* school of social and economic history, pioneered by Marc Bloch and Lucien Febvre. Second, using an approach emphasizing geography and long-range economic and demographic forces, he had produced a classic historical work. Awesome erudition and great powers of organization and interpretation enabled him to overturn the categorical judgments of previous generations of historians. Long an unread classic for American undergraduates, Sian Reynolds' flowing translation was only published in hardcover in 1972. Now available in two imposing and relatively sturdy paperback volumes, it seems to be earning the recognition it deserves.

Any work that achieves great success tends by that fact alone to become an argument for the method by which its success is achieved. But in Braudel's case, the methodological argument against focusing on "the actions of a few princes and rich men, the trivia of the past," is explicit and insistent. In fact, his rejection of political history is not a merely technical matter, separable from the real interest of the book; it reflects a radical difference from traditional historians in understanding the human condition. Just as Braudel's success in explaining, for example, the mutual disengagement of Habsburgs and Ottomans at the century's end is made to support his Tolstoyan fatalism, so too his pessimism about the power of human reason and will to influence the course of history permeates the content of his work. Ultimately, the reader must ask not only how convincing the evidence is for the historical theses Braudel proposes, but also what the connection is between these discussions and the larger case being made for the impotence of man.

Initially, though, it is hard to ask anything in the immediate response of wonder and delight. The book is composed of three large sections which divide history into levels. The first, "The Role of the Environment," is an original, brilliant, and elaborately detailed geographical survey. Braudel shows repeatedly and ingeniously how climatic and geographic conditions forbade certain choices and relationships and commanded others. One gets a powerful sense of the physical realities of Mediterranean life: how long it took to make certain journeys, how much corn had to be reserved for seed. Here, Braudel's love for the region emerges most vividly as the Mediterranean itself seems to become a living force. The second part, "Collective Destinies and General Trends," is a social and economic history containing set-piece treatments of topics like the century's inflation and its alleged connection with American silver. The last section, "Events, Politics and People," is a wide-ranging history of diplomacy and war that is almost contemptuously tacked on. It is distinguished by a sedulous care to balance the traditional emphasis on Spanish policy with a picture of parallel Turkish developments. The separation into three levels follows Braudel's image of history as a "song for many voices."

What gives the entire book much of its flavor is the profusion of illuminating and striking factual detail, derived from an astonishing quantity and variety of sources. It is the sort of thing one enjoys in Rabelais or Ripley's *Believe It or Not*, but

Fred Baumann is a National Fellow at the Hoover Institution.

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with the additional charm of scholarly reliability. There is a bravura passage on the ice and sherbert trade which climaxes with a report from a Venetian traveller that the Syrians "sprinkle snow on their food and dishes as we would sugar." Then there is the provocative observation that non-Islamic communities survived the Arab conquest on mountaintops because the Arabs had the wrong kind of camel. But for its proclivity to catch cold, it appears there might not have been a Lebanese civil war last year. And then there is the intriguing story of the fashion in clothing that skipped from China and Siberia to Bulgaria, Catalonia, and eventually to France.

Of course, these details never stand alone but invariably serve to prove or illustrate some more general observation. For it is in grain harvests and the birth rate that Braudel finds the keys to historical causation. The rapid increase of population and the consequent food shortage explain both the boom of the century's first half and the increasing malaise of the second—with its banditry, ruinous inflation, and bankruptcies. The rise and decay of the two great empires of Turkey and Spain are produced by these forces, and the contrast between Turkish tolerance and Spanish persecution of minorities is referred to differences in population density.

The historian who argues for the inevitability of developments shoulders an enormous burden, and Braudel's efforts are appropriately Herculean. His fundamental thesis about the Mediterranean is that it did not decline in the sixteenth century, as earlier historians had thought, but that visible decline set in only after 1650. The evidence he submits throughout is most varied, extensive, and convincing. Thus, the Portuguese discovery of a direct route to the East Indian spices did not end the traffic through the Red Sea to Venice; in 1563 the Portuguese themselves were negotiating for rights to that route. Italy held a favorable trade balance with the north throughout the century and the Genoese bankers were the paymasters of Europe between 1579 and 1627. And if northern ships appeared more frequently in the Mediterranean, this only shows the prosperity and importance of the region. Even the Baroque, as Italian a cultural movement as the Renaissance, is brought in as evidence of the Mediterranean's vitality.

But, fortunately, the work is not a scorecard. Braudel's passions are everywhere in evidence, engaged on behalf of the poor and obscure. His sentiments are at least consonant with his methodology, which sets out to reduce the powerful and wealthy to their true historical insignificance. Still, there is a tension between the claim of scientific objectivity and underlying emotions and moral concerns.

Occasionally, partisanship simply distorts the argument. Thus, a "form of vengeance upon the ruling class and its lopsided justice, banditry has been at all times, more or less everywhere, a righter of wrongs." Braudel places heavy reliance on Robin Hood stories to make his case for the popularity of brigands. Countervailing contemporary sources are treated skeptically as probably expressing class bias. He vividly describes communities blackmailed by the government into handing over bandits, but gives no hint that the bandits themselves might have been extorting the villages' support. In a significant touch, he even compares the brigands' use of border areas to Voltaire's move to the borders of France. Granted that hunger was the major cause of banditry, it is still hard to avoid irritation at the sentimentalizing of brutality, particularly in view of our own ample experience with contemporary bandits who, surely no innovators in this respect, specialize in attacking the old, the weak, and the poor.

With grudging reservations, Braudel is passionately hostile to cities. They may provide order in the countryside and may even bring freedom to the peasant who flees feudal obligations, but they will not necessarily feed him or make him happy. Large cities especially are monsters and parasites, their luxury industries mere waste and exploitation—not, as one might think, chances for employment for those whom the land cannot support.

At other times, Braudel seeks to check the expression of sympathy by invoking scientific objectivity. Thus, he balances his expressed distaste at Spanish persecution of Jews and Moslems by arguing its inevitability. The effort is desultory and confused in the case of the Morisco expulsions, more articulated in regard to the Jews. The economic and demographic argument is weakened by Braudel's use of the fact of Jewish expulsion to argue back to the possibility that Spain was already overpopulated by 1492, half a century before the overpopulation pressures of his general theory are said to obtain. But Braudel also adduces Spain's cultural destiny as an explanation. In expelling the Moors and the Jews, Spain chose Europe over Africa or the Orient. Like all civilizations, Spain had to shed part of its past in moving forward. Spain in fact becomes the object of rhetorical pity, having been "forced to inflict so much change upon itself."

The weight of economic forces may leave more room for choice than the determinist would allow; for instance, could the chance of freedom in the city have been worth the chance of an empty stomach? In discussing decisions taken in potential opposition to economic self-interest, such as the expulsion of Jewish merchants and Morisco peasants, the burden on the proponent of cultural "destiny" becomes even heavier. In this case the general theory of cultural pruning begs the issue. Its abstract opposite, the theory of cultural survival through acceptance of the past, is equally banal and equally true. The real questions are what (or who) gets pruned, at what cost, and why. Answering them involves calculation and choice by all the actors in the public arena. That is, they are *political* considerations.

Traditions are of course powerful conditioners, just like harvests and mountains. But cultures are also "songs for many voices" and there is usually room for interpretation of the tradition. "Iberian civilization" was no exception. The attempt to assimilate the Moriscos, disaster that it was, shows this. So too does Braudel's own evidence that Philip II never more deserved the title "The Prudent King" than when dodging papal requests for a crusade against the Turks. Spanish destiny was apparently agile enough to avoid that exigency. And I am not convinced that a consideration of the "destinies" of France, England, and the Holy Roman Empire would have led one to expect their experiments in religious tolerance in this period.

The great catastrophe of Philip's reign, the war against the Netherlands, was undeniably fateful for the Mediterranean. According to Braudel, the bankruptcy of the Spanish state, incurred in that war, tipped the balance of power. By pursuing it, Spain ignored its "geographical mission" to subdue North Africa and unite the Western Mediterranean. But although he states that the war was inevitable, his evidence seems to point in the opposite direction. Braudel admits that Philip erred in trying to turn a commercial, northern nation into another Spain. He notes Margaret of Parma's relative success in dividing the aristocracy from the radical Calvinists before Philip sent the ruthless Alva. He emphasizes Philip's caution in dealing with the Turks and the heretic Elizabeth for most of his reign. His own account (page 1040) makes it clear that the decisive issue was Philip's own refusal to rule over heretics, something that his equally pious father Charles V had ultimately had to accept. In the end it was Philip, not History, that chose, and it was History, more than Philip, that changed.

In his conclusion, Braudel defines the true man of action as the one who takes advantage of the weight of the inevitable, exerting his own pressure in the same direction. Despite its erudition and brilliance, Braudel's history does not persuade me that this is true. After all, what really compels is what is felt to be compelling. Those who persuade, whether by words—like Joseph Goebbels or Martin Luther—or by example—like Joseph Stalin or Vladimir Bukovsky—often have a considerable power to create new conditions within which men once more understand themselves to be compelled. Of course, the appeal to historical inevitability is itself one of the most powerful means of persuasion. And its ultimate teaching, radically opposed to Braudel's own sentiments, is the vulgar triumphalism Jacob Burckhardt warned against, the base and wicked advice always to cheer the conqueror and mock the victim. □

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BOOK REVIEW

Freud, Jews and Other Germans: Masters and Victims in Modernist Culture
Peter Gay / Oxford University Press / $12.95

Russell Herman

The "German problem" and the "Jewish question" rank among the most perplexing issues of the recent past. The Holocaust created a ghastly link between modern German and Jewish history, confounding still more the historical puzzle of German-Jewish experience. But among its many postwar interpreters, only Peter Gay has placed that experience in the context of German Modernist culture. Six of Gay's essays on this subject are collected in *Freud, Jews and Other Germans: Masters and Victims in Modernist Culture*, which is but the first fruit of a cultural history of Imperial Germany on which the author is presently at work.

Gay's strategy is to expose common misconceptions of the German-Jewish experience *vis-à-vis* Modernism. His specific target is the perception of the German-Jew as a "metaphor for modernity"—that is, as a symbol "to himself, to his admirers and detractors alike, for the profound, often traumatic changes that made Western culture what it is today." This view is very much alive at present, having received its most recent (and ludicrous) formulation in John Murray Cuddihy's *The Ordeal of Civility*, a book which Gay treats in the appropriate manner: He ignores it completely.

According to Gay, the perception of the German-Jew as the archetypal modern in society and the archetypal Modernist in culture is inaccurate because

> it gives Jews more publicity than they deserve —whether favorable or unfavorable. There were many Modernists who were not Jews, many Jews who were not Modernists. And many of the Jews who were Modernists were not so because they were Jews.

In order to correct the historical picture, Gay attempts to rediscover German-Jews "at work in the world from which they came and on which they acted." His purpose is to restore complexities and contradictions that have been lost with the passing of time.

Sigmund Freud, for example, is persistently misunderstood. His theory of psychoanalysis is commonly believed to be the ideology of a secular Jewish intellectual, but Gay shows it to be nothing of the sort. Freud was a man of cosmopolitan intellect, thoroughly committed to science. He was at most ambiguously committed to Judaism. In fact, by participating in the literary culture and sharing the moral values of the German-speaking world of his day, Freud was able to anticipate many of the objections to his theory of psychoanalysis, for he had experienced the same objections and hesitations himself. Indeed, Gay suggests that Freud raised his cultural "empathy... into a principle of style." When Freud was awarded the Goethe Prize in 1930, he received it with enthusiasm, delighted in being connected with the quintessentially cultivated German.

Gay next attacks another tenacious misconception: the belief that there was a distinctly Jewish element in the culture of Imperial and Weimar Berlin. In Gay's felicitous phrase, the "Berlin-Jewish spirit" is a "dogma in search of some doubts." Berlin, to be sure, was the center of German-Jewish culture, as it was for German culture as a whole. And Berlin Jews made significant contributions to the

Russell Herman is a student in history at McGill University in Montreal.

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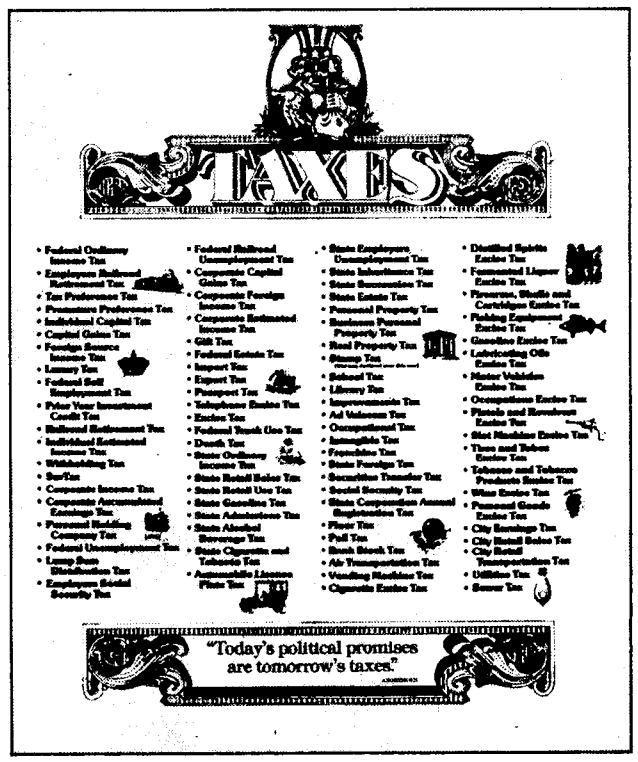

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cultural life of the city. Their contributions, however, were neither specifically Jewish nor typically Modernist. Marshalling an impressive array of German-Jews of widely divergent religious commitments, socio-economic backgrounds, and artistic styles, Gay concludes that "just as there was no Jewish way to cut furs, there was no Jewish way to paint portraits, play Beethoven, produce Ibsen, or fence in the Olympics." As for those Jews who participated in Berlin's cultural avant-garde, they were not there because they were Jews. On the contrary, Gay points out that German-Jews gravitated towards the mainstream of German culture as much as they were permitted to do so. It was (and is) an illusion—and a revealing one—to perceive something "Jewish" in their contributions to German and western culture.

Gay's rejection of the perception of the German-Jew as a "metaphor for modernity" is predicated on the assumption of an advanced state of Jewish assimilation, a condition in which German-Jews could make contributions to German culture as Germans, not Jews. He sees the "intermittent civil war" among the Jews themselves as evidence of this. (Native German-Jews often held anti-Semitic stereotypes of East European Jews who had immigrated to Germany, and especially to Berlin. This prejudice, Gay observes, was just one more emblem of their Germanness.) And he concludes that, although German-Jews were tragically wrong about the viability of assimilation, "they had good reason to believe that they were right," especially before World War I.

It is at this point that Gay's interpretation of the German-Jewish experience must be challenged. Jewish assimilation was in truth a largely one-sided affair. As Gay himself notes, German-Jews tended to be only too anxious to prove to themselves that they were good Germans. (An example of this was the obsessive and self-flagellatory devotion of Hermann Levi, the conductor, to the Wagners.) Moreover, we now know that there were pockets of enduring German resistance to Jewish assimilation in virtually all sectors of society, particularly politics. And there was a historical precedent for this resistance. Even the earliest proponents of civil equality for Jews, dating from the late eighteenth century, were ambivalent about the position that Jews, as a group, were to assume in gentile society. This ambivalence continued in the late nineteenth century with the anti-Semitic German historian, Treitschke, and his ideological heirs. Gay, however, does not address himself to the crucial problem of Jewish group survival, despite the fact that it was to become the bane of Jewish fortunes in Germany. In short, his account of the position of Jews in late 19th- and early 20th-century Germany is oversimplified, because his understanding of assimilation lacks a historical perspective.

Still, the questionableness of Gay's judgments does not detract from the validity of his central argument: that the view of the German-Jew as a "metaphor for modernity" is grossly inaccurate. By debunking this and many other myths surrounding German-Jews and Modernist culture, Gay has produced a valuable and informative book. □

BOOK REVIEW

Against All Enemies
Ervin S. Duggan & Ben Wattenberg / Doubleday / $10.00

Full Disclosure
William Safire / Doubleday / $10.95

On the Brink
Benjamin Stein & Herbert Stein / Simon & Schuster / $8.95

Aram Bakshian, Jr.

To the native, Washington often seems a bloated, one-company town; those of us born here are constantly amazed by the glamor it seems to hold for the bedazzled or ravenously ambitious newcomer and, one step removed, for thousands of pop-fiction readers. Dullsville-on-the-Potomac has become a stock setting for potboiler novels and a shabby flag of convenience for scripts that pass in the night. Not that even the worst of Washington Novels does not contain a grain or two of truth. Much of the criticism such works receive for their wooden characters, trite dialogue, and cockeyed plots is unfair. Often they are realistic reflections of Washington and its inhabitants—as anyone who has ever managed to stay awake through an entire State of the Union address or a typical Capitol Hill reception can attest.

For, despite what you may have been told, politics generally makes for dull bedfellows—plodding, plotting drones who, when sincere, tend to shallow fanaticism and, when ambitious, tend to blind amorality. Above all, most politicians are shrouded by an overpowering banality. In such company, even power can be more of a sedative than an aphrodisiac, Henry Kissinger's assertions to the contrary. Only in the eyes of true power-junkies, of whom there are many, and the occasional bemused history buff, do the monotonous and frequently sordid everyday workings of political and social Washington take on a lurid glitter.

Hence the Washington Novelist's dilemma if he happens to be a writer of talent, taste, sensitivity, or depth: There are few genuine Washington characters or situations which lend themselves to deep, sensitive, or tasteful treatment. The result—with infrequent exceptions such as Henry Adams' *Democracy* and Christina Stead's *The Man Who Loved Children* (despite its title, not a biography of Roman Polanski)—is usually a specialized, narrower version of the late Jacqueline Susann's revolting regimen of scandal, topicality, and hackneyed corn/porn, only worth noticing when an interesting political principle is injected between bedroom, barroom, and Oval Office.

At such times the Washington Novel ceases, strictly speaking, to be a novel and becomes a propaganda tract—clever or dull, good or bad, depending on one's own tastes and opinions. Judged by this standard, Ben and Herb Stein's *On the Brink* is a work of redeeming political merit and deserves serious consideration. *On the Brink* is no great shakes as literature; but it is a chilling and economically convincing warning of what could happen in the worst of all political worlds, with the OPEC cartel plunging the industrial West into chaos and liberal politicians deepening the crisis by mindlessly cranking out reams of worthless paper currency, thereby creating a wave of Weimar-style hyperinflation and its attendant political and social nastiness.

Professor Milton Friedman has said of *On the Brink* that it is "Good economics as well as good reading. Unbridled monetary expansion has had and can have the tragic effects that the Steins portray so dramatically. It *could* happen here. Perhaps this fictional episode will help us to avoid a real episode." One certainly hopes so, and can commend the Steins for producing, if not a literary triumph, a solid piece of "white" propaganda that may educate readers to a problem about which they would otherwise

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Aram Bakshian, Jr.'s essays and criticism appear frequently in The American Spectator, National Review, *the* Wall Street Journal, History Today, *and other American and European periodicals.*

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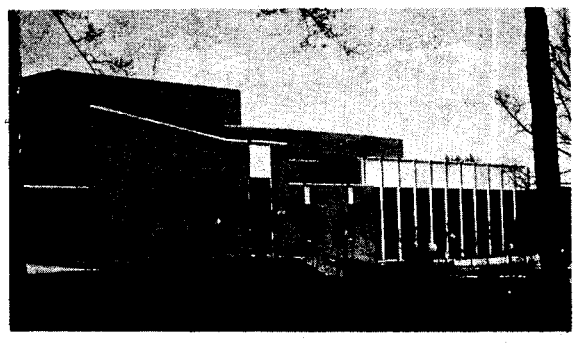
remain misinformed. Herb Stein, President Nixon's chief economic advisor, has done a fine job sermonizing for a good cause, and his son Ben, a former White House speechwriter and now a Hollywood scenarist, has built the perfunctory fictive framework with professional competence. Friends of the younger Stein will note a few amusing little touches and several thinly disguised characters: such as a slightly dense, loony president who trusts no one but his dog; a sly, slippery Treasury Secretary from Texas named "Eugene Donnelly"; a deranged Midwest populist called "George McConger"; a poised, lace-curtain Irish millionaire on the White House staff named "Peter Hanrahan" (in many ways the spitting image of Peter Flanigan, a Nixon aide much admired by Stein); and an administration trade official dubbed "Tom Ebersole," a transparent caricature of a cornball politico of whom the heroine remarks, "if Ebersole ever said anything that was not a cliché," she would pass out on the spot. There is also one "Bob Hartley," a dirty old butcher who crops up halfway through the book boffing inflation-plagued housewives in return for discount lambchops. His name—though this, of course, is guesswork on my part—bears a marked resemblance to that of a certain fellow in publishing whose editorial hacking and chopping Stein once found particularly distasteful.

Another former White House speechwriter and highly accomplished political journalist has also tried his hand as a Washington Novelist. Perhaps William Safire best sums up his approach to the genre in the opening sentence of *Full Disclosure*: "Counterfeiting, that was for him. Meticulous work, satisfying results." *Full Disclosure* is meticulous in most of its Washington atmospherics and reportedly earned its author $1.3 million in satisfying results. As for the counterfeiting, like most Washington Novels, *Full Disclosure* is ersatz literature at best, an evaluation I suspect Safire would agree with, though not the writer of his jacket blurb who acclaims *Full Disclosure* as a novel that "can be read on many levels: as an exciting political adventure, rich in details that only insiders know; as a study of the motivations and machinations of people in power, revealing how well-meaning and intelligent men can make horrendous mistakes; as a handbook for modern Machiavellis; and as an inspirational story of a man who had to lose his sight to gain his vision"—all of which is debatable at best.

What *Full Disclosure* is, and this is more than enough to justify it in political terms, is an interesting fictional treatment of a potential problem—presidential physical disability and the constitutional crisis it could bring on—that may start a few readers (and politicians) thinking about an issue they would probably ignore were its discussion confined to learned journals. Under the circumstances one can even forgive Safire for giving the presidential seeing-eye dog the magnificently unpronouncable name of "Hangin'ere," something that shouldn't happen, even to a fictitious dog.

Against All Enemies is by two veteran Washington hands one of whom—you guessed it—served as a White House speechwriter in the Johnson years. It is perhaps the most crisply written of the three Washington Novels under review here, but also the skimpiest when it comes to political substance. There is no real issue or moral problem of the first water—just an updated fictional rehash of an administration under fire for becoming militarily involved in a small Third World nation, with the new twist that the incumbent President's Vice President decides to run against him. The central character, John Cardwell, is a young presidential speechwriter (surprise, surprise) who typifies the ambitious but not irredeemably rotten breed of talented young men who come to Washington with high hopes, a few pliable ideals, and a predatory glint in their eyes. To the accompaniment of the greater political struggle, Cardwell fights his own battle for integrity,



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bailing out before his Washington ego trip ends in moral disaster. He resigns and, in the closing line of the book, we are told that, "The next day he flew home—to Louisville." Literature would have been none the poorer if Cardwell never left Louisville in the first place; but one of his fictional colleagues at least gives us a succinct description of how the White House syndrome tends to corrupt so many bright young men, not to mention dim-witted old ones:

> We're hooked. We've all had a taste of the White House. I don't mean the cars, the trips, all that. I mean the chance to play President.... We all play President, every day. When I brief the press—why I'm the President. When Andy Martin tells a senator the President can't possibly see him until next month, or when he calls up some middle-level bureaucrat and chews his ass, he's the President! And you speechwriters...I think you've got it worst of all!...It's true with every guy I know, everyone who's ever gotten close to a President. Their egos get all screwed up, all tied up with his—and they call it loyalty, call it a sense of public duty, call it everything except what it really is.

As one who has served as an aide, writer, or consultant to two presidents, two vice presidents, several congressmen and senators, two party chairmen, and a Secretary of the Treasury, I have had all too many opportunities to watch this sinister psychological process in its various degrees of fermentation. It is not a pretty sight, and the only sure way to avoid it is to come to the job mature—a matter of character, not years—and with a keen eye for the ridiculous in one's self and one's colleagues. Ervin Duggan and Ben Wattenberg both seem to have done so, and *Against All Enemies* just may help to vaccinate a few new arrivals against Potomac Fever in the years ahead. If it does, then it will have served a worthwhile purpose after all. But don't count on it. Like any really strong virus, Potomac Fever has a way of building up resistance to medication. Long after they've cured the common cold, it will probably still be with us. □

BOOK REVIEW

Facing up to Modernity: Excursions in Society, Politics, and Religion
Peter L. Berger / Basic Books / $11.50

David Levy

Peter L. Berger, a professor of sociology at Rutgers, is one of the most distinguished representatives of the phenomenological approach to social science. He is also, by his own description, a conservative and, as he puts it, "a rather heretical" Christian. The combination of sociology, conservatism, and Christianity is unusual enough in itself, but when the man in whom they combine is as intelligent and humane a social scientist as Peter Berger the result is fascinating. *Facing up to Modernity* is a collection of 18 essays whose subject matter ranges from a sociological understanding of the reasons for the popularity of psychoanalysis to the significance of the Calley and Manson trials. Professor Berger examines, among other things, paradoxes in intellectual conservatism, the socialist myth, the trend of American foreign policy, and (in several essays) the nature and limits of secularization.

At a time when sociology is often popularly regarded as a synonym for either radicalism or statistic-mania, a conservative humanist in the field will sometimes feel the need for an *apologia pro suae professione*. In a sense this is what Berger provides in his introduction. He admits that sociology is, as the radicals claim, subversive of established patterns of thought because it brings to consciousness the roots of much that is normally taken for granted in social life. But it is also conservative in its implications: "Society, in its essence, is the imposition of order upon the flux of human experience [and] order is *the* primary imperative of social life." Even the left understands that all social order is precarious. It generally fails to understand that, *just because of this precariousness*, societies will react with almost instinctive violence to any fundamental or long-lasting threat to their order. The idea of "permanent revolution" is an anthropologically absurd fantasy. Indeed, revolutionary movements can be successful only if they succeed fairly rapidly in establishing new structures of order within which people can settle down with some semblance of social *and* psychic safety.

By ordering experience, then, society attempts to make sense of its existence in space and time. Like Eric Voegelin, Berger maintains that any meaningful interpretation of reality must take account of the religious experience of transcendence. He is fully aware of the present disarray of organized religion—indeed, secularization, the denial of transcendence, is a major component of modernization—and he provides acute criticism of the ultramodernist "death-of-God" theology:

> ...a world view without transcendence must eventually collapse, because it denies ineradicable aspects of human experience....Transcendence is the experience that human life touches on boundaries. On this side of the boundaries is the world of everyday events, practical activity, and reason, a world in which one is at home in a self evident way. On the other side of the boundaries is the world of the uncanny, of the "totally other," in which the assumptions of ordinary life no longer hold.

Religion is man's way of coming to terms with this realm of experience. Phenomenologically, it is an integral part of man's effort to make sense of his existence. Of course from the religious point of view it is much more—a revelation of transcendent truth which Berger as a Christian accepts in the knowledge that as a sociologist of religion he can say nothing touching upon its validity. What he can say, and does with great force, is that no account of reality which dogmatically excludes the religious dimension can hope to be true to the full range of man's experience.

In his account of modernization and its discontents Professor Berger emphasizes not only secularization but also the primary importance of industrialization and bureaucratization. His picture of modern social life, dichotomized between powerful social institutions and an underinstitutionalized private sphere, draws on a long tradition of sociological work; and his emphasis on the importance of institutions which mediate between the individual and the state (family, church, etc.) echoes Robert Nisbet, the great anti-Rousseau of present sociology.

Berger regards the critique of modernity as a "task...of human and moral urgency," not because the work of modernization can be or ought to be undone, but because by understanding its nature we can mitigate its effects and build a humanly satisfying order in the midst of the modern rush of events. According to Berger, the myth of socialism has exerted such a strong appeal in our modern age precisely because it promises all the benefits of modernization with none of its alienating costs. And yet he helps us to understand that behind the call for socialization lies, ultimately, a totalitarian social reality.

Modernization is a complex process, and "facing up to modernity" is something we all have to do. Fortunately, Peter Berger is not the sort to offer simple and fraudulent answers. □

David Levy teaches sociology at Middlesex Polytechnic, in England.

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what rabidly, much the way he was then pursuing Mailer. Gore's struggles continue, and the beatings inflicted on him have been fearful. Buckley merely outwits him, while Mailer actually does him violence, often pausing during cocktail parties to paste him a good one. Before a TV appearance back in the early seventies, Norman spotted him backstage, butted him smartly in the coco, and sent him spinning onto the stage looking queasy and confounded.

This passion for altercation and abuse has marked Gore's entire career. Sometimes he carries the day: Thrown in with some fundamentalist Christian or some dull-witted congressman, he bludgeons his prey as the audience marvels, if not at his compassion, then at his urbanity and intelligence. But thrown in with someone who knows what's what, he either falls sullen and silent or makes the fur fly and retreats furless. It is during these butcherings that Gore gives himself away, betraying the source of all his assorted varieties of moonshine. Poor Gore is emotionally frozen into early adolescence and a particularly turbulent adolescence at that. He is boyish. He is girlish. And when under pressure he is feverish. During his concession speech after the Les Crane Show a woebegone Gore admitted that with Buckley he had become "emotionally involved." Buckley must have had some uneasy moments digesting that revelation, and Howard Austen must have been in despair.

Yet if one considers the whole of Gore's public life, all those years of preposterous pronunciamentoes and fantastic poses, one gets the impression that he has become "emotionally involved" more often than might be expected of a middle-aged writer. Many of the things he claims to believe are purely idiotic: "...we never talk about anything very important....We don't say that 4 percent of the people own the country..."; "One of every five people in the U.S. is mentally disturbed..."; and "The true end of a democratic society is economic equality; that's an idea whose time has not come. But it's implicit in the idea of democracy, and when our system collapses and gas and food and everything has to be rationed we'll realize that was our goal anyway"; or "Sirhan grew up in Pasadena, a center of the John Birch Society, a center of radical right reactionaries, a despicable blot on this earth. The people of Pasadena are well off. They hate the Jews, they hate the Negroes, the poor, the foreign. I find these to be really terrible people. Sirhan grew up in this atmosphere and I do not doubt that he heard many anti-Kennedy speeches. He simply accepted the way people in Pasadena think. He decided that Bobby Kennedy was evil and he killed him...." Clear as mud!

His lack of, shall we say, fixity is legendary. Vidal, August 25, 1968: "Well, it is the greater wisdom, finally to trust the people." Vidal, spring 1963: "One must never underestimate the collective ignorance of that informed electorate for whom Thomas Jefferson had such high hopes." Vidal, November 1968: "I have always felt that we must never underestimate the essential bigotry of the white majority in the United States." Vidal, December 1974: "Most Americans are liars or crooks if they can get away with it." On August 5, 1968, he informed a national television audience that thirty million Americans were living in poverty; two nights later the figure inexplicably dropped to twenty-two million; but then in the *New York Review of Books* he spoke of "forty million poor." It was in this same year that he solemnly declared: "For myself, should the war continue after the 1968 election a change of nationality will be the only moral response." The change, of course, was never consummated, but it would have been a swell show had Gore become a Cambodian. Think of the frantic calls that would have gone out from some fashionable neighborhood in Phnom Penh during that tragic April in 1975, desperate calls to the "last empire on earth."

That his political mentor was Eleanor Roosevelt has long been known. He speaks of her often and fondly: the time he caught her arranging flowers in a toilet bowl, the "thorny Puritan American conscience" (which he admires!), the "stoic serenity," the "conscience to the world." To Gore she was an American Socrates, and we shall be hearing of her wisdom for years. When he stifles his polemical oratory long enough to lay forth a political program it becomes clear that his is the most authentic projection of the mind of Eleanor now operating in America. National health care is a must, and Gore will not rest until America has an educational system and a mass-transit system the equal of those serving some unnamed European paradise. As visionaries go Gore can be lumped in with the League of Women Voters, circa 1960.

Gore is the grandson of Senator Thomas Gore, an Oklahoma populist whose memory time has obscured for all save Gore, who makes the cranky old gasbag out to be the Daniel Webster of this century. It is apparent that for years he has been given to sojourning into a fantasy world in which he, Gore, is a statesman of moment. In 1960 the fantasy took life, and he ran for Congress in New York's 29th district. Now all the profligacy of his youth was decorously shoved behind the arras. His homosexual novels, his carousals with Tennessee Williams and other such louts, his mawkish interludes with Anaïs Nin, his proud pilgrimage to André Gide, his Hollywood years. In pursuit of the congressman's gaud no indignity was beneath him. He even composed a slogan, "You'll Get More With Gore." Twenty-five thousand votes were the thin margin between defeat and a rebirth of the American Republic. Still, the political fantasy lingers. In 1974 he declared to an astonished interviewer that he had moved to Italy in the early 1960s "because I was giving up practical politics and trying to avoid being drafted to run again for the House in 1964. I knew that if I went on living up the Hudson, I'd be a full-time politician and never write again." And so Gore returned to his Art.

How fine are The Novels? The trashiness of American literary tastes is one of Gore's favorite and most persuasive propositions. That his ardor against American readers is never complicated by his popularity with them is another colossal example of his talent for self-deception. Gore is of course a frequent author of best-sellers, nonetheless he places himself "at the top of the heap," while disparaging Faulkner, Hemingway, and practically all his more gifted forebears. Precisely whom he does admire is not easy to establish, his penchant for contradiction being as active in literary judgments as in political asseverations. In the fall 1974 issue of the *Paris Review* he notified the literary world that "There's only one living writer in English that I entirely admire...William Golding." In November 1974, when Gore placed himself "at the top of the heap," he did not even include Golding in the heap. We know that he does admire the late critic Edmund Wilson, because he has compared Wilson to himself. Still almost no other writer is ever allowed such unqualified praise.

Actually, Gore's life as a novelist is only a little less illusory than his life as a politician. He does, of course, write novels, but no critic worth his salt has ever taken one of them seriously. His first novels, full of savorless prose and cardboard characters, were unappealing imitations of the works of his superiors. In 1954 he retired from *belles lettres* to write for TV and the movies. When he finally returned to the novel he brought with him a professionalism that can only be learned in the clever company of Hollywood hacks. His recent

the first and second world wars destroyed the old European empires, and created ours. In 1945 we were the world's greatest power.... Unfortunately those industries that had become rich during the war *combined* with the military [creating] a vast military establishment.

Officially this was to protect us from the evil Commies. Actually it was to continue pumping federal money into companies like Boeing and Lockheed and keep the Pentagon full of generals and admirals while filling the pork barrels of congressmen....

Nobody in particular was to blame. It just happened. To justify our having become a garrison state, gallant Harry Truman set about deliberately alarming the American people. The Soviet was dangerous. We must have new and expensive weapon systems. To defend the free world. The cold war began. The irony is that the Soviet was not dangerous to us *at that time*.

Other testimonials reveal an intellect that simply does not operate very well:

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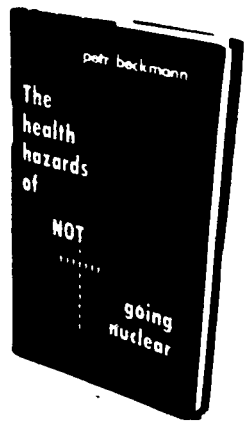

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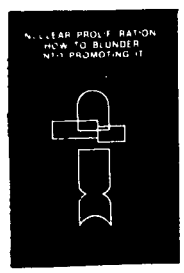

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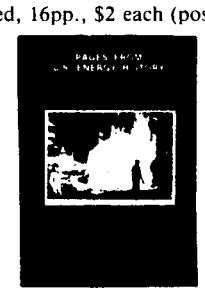

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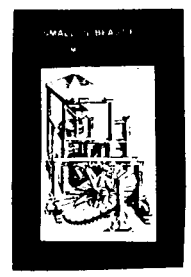

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books all show the Hollywood touch, with their cast of morons, their faked emotions, their utterly idiotic portrayals of reality. They are all best-sellers and all provide irrefutable support for his criticism of the best-seller list.

Whether Gore is really pleased with his performance I have no way of knowing, but his success has not been without heartache. In 1975 the rascal Buckley struck out at him. While skiing in Switzerland Buckley threw off a novel of his own, *Saving the Queen*. By 1976 the book had made the best-seller list, right up there with Gore's *1876*. This must have been a grim time back in Ravello. There they were together, the Great Novelist and William F. Buckley, Jr. I have read all Gore's ambitious works plus *Saving the Queen*; alas, the amateur Buckley stands close to the top of the heap.

Through the years Gore has learned to write fluent and amusing essays, but here too he lives a life of fantasy. He has come to think himself an intellectual of the uppermost rung. He knows the arcana of the ancients, world literature, the quiddities of enlightened policy. So far as I am able to ascertain, it is all humbug. Reflecting on his first novel he once admitted "I was easily the cleverest young fox ever to disguise his ignorance and make a virtue of his limitations." The fox slinks on.

Gore's portrayal of homosexuality's place in the ancient world is either ignorant or dissembling. His sense of history is erratic. At times he sounds like the brightest graduate student ever to take a Masters of Teaching degree at Cleveland State University. Other times he is either being a tease or making heavy weather of it with the knowledge that any moderately intelligent college freshman has grasped after an elementary course. He has no serious ideas about history, though he has written several historical novels. In fact it is doubtful that he has any serious ideas at all. He is a man of turbulent passions and irrational prejudices.

Gore makes a very big thing out of the derisible character of a middle-class American burgher, who in Gore's composite has large elements of George Babbitt and George Wallace along with just a vague suggestion of Nelson Rockefeller. Doubtless a sizeable minority of Americans are just as bigoted, intolerant, smug, and stupid as Gore insists; but what is really riveting is the frequency of his own lapses into these deficiencies. The creed of many of his villains, their traits, and the nature of his complaint against Mailer betray a congeries of prejudices which look like nothing so much as anti-Semitism. Violence and cruelty inhere through many of his novels, notably *Myra Breckenridge*, and his humanitarian protest that Mailer and Henry Miller celebrate violence and "hatred of women" is the campaign oratory of a popinjay fighting to maintain his status as TV sage.

Whether Mailer is more taken up with violence than Vidal I leave to other minds, but certainly to speak of Miller in this way is to mislead. As a novelist Miller towers over Vidal. With intellectual courage and emotional sincerity, Miller wrote some of the finest American novels of the century. His is, in the words of George Orwell, "...a friendly American voice, with no humbug in it...." How different from Vidal, and it is fitting that Miller should live his last days in a quiet California neighborhood, confident in his authorship of many fine books and utterly remote from the fantasies of Ravello.

And back in the villa the great work continues. Novels are sketched, bad books reviewed, and more and more conspiracy theories of American life are hatched. Through the years Gore's conspiracy theories have grown increasingly outlandish, as they approximate ever more closely those of the lunatic right. It is a wonderful symmetry.

On summer nights the villa fills with the most renowned left-wing intellectuals of what the reactionaries persist in calling the Free World. In the soft light of the great vaulted living room sit Claire Bloom, Mick and Bianca Jagger, Princess Margaret, and the scholarly Newmans, Joanne and Paul. The talk turns to health care, and Gore laments that our system compares unfavorably with the barber shops of the last Persian empire, one of the few cultures he still admires (he finds it "subtle"). Princess Margaret speaks of Chile, and Howard Austen turns the discussion to Gore's shoes: "He had three pairs made in London twenty years ago. They're falling apart....What *can* you do with him?" Paul Newman launches into a discourse on a new econometric model that might bring the whole world up to the nutritional standards of Beverly Hills. And Howard opines that Gore's diets are "dangerous." He goes "from gluttony to starvation. It's voluptuous and maybe auto-sexually satisfying, and his diets might be a sort of rebirth, but I think they're too traumatic for the body." Far into the Mediterranean night the colloquy goes. Let the Rockefellers, the generals, and the other rulers of the heterosexual dictatorship work their wicked wills. In Ravello, the flame of idealism still burns, and if Gore has his way, by God, it will become a general conflagration. I am sure of it. □

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Catholic & Conservative . . .

The Wanderer

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CORRESPONDENCE

Setting the Record Straight

I think if Mr. Kenner was trying to say in your November issue that higher education, and I have the impression that he was, had a higher degree of sustainment under other administrations or that mine was not keenly aware of what Mr. Kenner seems to think in terms of intellectual attainment, then he was wrong.

What he did not address himself to, as any faculty man with the possible resources should consider, is that at Columbia University under my guidance there had been and I think the record proves that it was a move in the directions indicated by those who like Mr. Kenner see as a genuine educational impulse.

Your magazine has done a disservice in the sense that the truth is or up to now has been prevented from fostering the principles of democracy as it sustains its own intellectual community.

Your retraction, should it be construed in the spirit of what I have always contrived, may be sent to my library here where the disposition of it among my papers may be appropriately filed.

Dwight D. Eisenhower
Abilene, Kansas

Mr. Kenner replies:

Since no literate nor quasi-literate reader will have trouble ascertaining the drift, if not the thrust, of the communication purporting to be from the late President D.D. Eisenhower; since for that matter the entire first paragraph yields parsable if not elegant syntax provided only that the clause between commas be moved forward nine words, I have no hesitation in dismissing it as a forgery.

It may be suggested that this document illustrates the phenomenon of rhetorical enhancement attendant on residence in the post-mortem world, as reported by P.V. Maro, D. Alighieri, and others. But no thinking person will fail to object that these were naive pre-scientific observations, conducted in the total absence of controls. Surely decisive in this connection were the NIH-funded experiments of Schlimpf, Schmerz, and Kapow (1969), who repeatedly observed that when experimental animals were dispatched into the world in question with the aid of cyanide, they manifested a marked diminution of their already limited ability to frame English sentences. No exceptions were noted in repeated trials.

I trust this disposes of the matter.

Overwhelming Cynicism

I am not renewing my subscription, but I thought I would try to send some constructive criticism. I really do like articles by James Q. Wilson, Irving Kristol, Robert Asahina. I really do not like the "Continuing Crisis" and "Current Wisdom." I honestly find these sickening in much the same way that the *Realist* bothered me when I saw it ten years ago.

I'm known as a cynical person by all my friends and my students—freshmen are especially disturbed by it. But I just cannot take the cynicism of those two departments in your magazine. They are simply gross. What I am trying to say is that even a person of relatively coarse sensibilities finds those sections too coarse. To top it off, the February issue had really offensive remarks about Bella Abzug—a person I would happily cross the street to avoid—in the "Bootblack Stand."

You do a valuable job in most of the magazine, but your overwhelming cynicism and your anti-feminist stance have finally gotten to me. I can't support you any longer in a direct way, though I do wish you continued publication.

Charles A. Lave
University of California
Irvine, California

The Constitution and Moral Philosophy

In "*Bakke*: The Legal Profession in Crisis" (February 1978), Hadley Arkes justly objects to reducing the "ends of the law...to the measure of material outcomes" and properly insists that "the question of material outcomes can never override a question of principle." But he swims upstream, against the current attachment to a result-oriented jurisprudence, the product of the Warren Court's revolutionary innovations, itself an offshoot of Pragmatism: a conception is to be measured by its consequences. In the realm of constitutional law, however, Chief Justice Marshall cautioned that because a given result is more or less desirable does not mean that it is more or less constitutional.

For his "moral principles" Arkes looks to "propositions that are true as a matter of necessity, now and for all time," among them the proposition that racial discrimination is immoral, a conviction that I share. There is no general philosophic consensus about what is moral. Of the moral one may say what Justice James Iredell said of natural justice: "the ideas of natural justice are regulated by no fixed standard: the ablest and purest men have differed upon the subject." Said Justice Holmes, "Nothing but confusion of thought can result from assuming that the rights of man in a moral sense are equally rights in the sense of the Constitution and the law." Then too there is John Stuart Mill's disquieting admonition:

> The disposition of mankind...to impose their own opinions and inclinations as a rule of conduct on others, is so energetically supported by some of the best and some of the worst feelings incident to human nature, that it is hardly ever kept under restraint by anything but want of power.

One need only recall how the Holy Inquisition burned men at the stake because heresy threatened the souls of the faithful.

It is surprising that in an article about a major constitutional issue by a teacher of constitutional law there is not a single reference to the Constitution. The Founders were not promulgating a system of morals but were erecting a structure of government that would curb greed for ever more power. In Jefferson's words, they sought to bind down their delegates from mischief "by the chains of the Constitution." That they did not look to their delegates as preceptors of morals may be gathered from the ban on meddling with religion. By Arkes' test the Constitution was profoundly immoral, for it sanctioned the institution of slavery. And when the framers of the Fourteenth Amendment grappled with the problem of the emancipated blacks, they did not go beyond securing to them the barest minimum of rights essential to protection from violence and oppression, unmistakably excluding suffrage and segregation.* Arkes left unanswered how to engraft his "moral principle" upon a Constitution from which it was excluded.

Ours is a government "by consent of the governed." As Iredell, a leader in the struggle for adoption of the Constitution, declared, "The people have chosen to be governed under such and such principles. They have not chosen to be governed or promised to submit upon any other." No principle, moral or otherwise, not drawn from the Constitution, can alter the terms of that consent.

Those whom Arkes repudiates are well content to leave to the Supreme Court the imposition of moral goals that range beyond the Constitution. But no such power was conferred on the Court; and though usurpation may have a benign purpose, it spells, as Cardozo stated, "the end of the rule of law."

Raoul Berger
Concord, Massachusetts

Mr. Arkes replies:

I esteem that sense of engagement which leads Raoul Berger to write, but I fear that he has merely borne out, with his own, celebrated example, that "distance" (as I said in my article) which "now

* R. Berger, *Government by Judiciary: The Transformation of the Fourteenth Amendment* (1977).

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separates jurisprudence from the tradition of moral and political philosophy that formed its foundation." Mr. Berger's own distance from that tradition is marked, first, by his evident remoteness from any understanding of what is meant, in the strictest sense, by a "moral" proposition. Despite my own effort to supply that understanding, Mr. Berger simply absorbs the spirit of the age and confounds "morals" with matters of subjective feeling or religious belief. So when he argues that the Founders were emancipated from any sense of moral ends when they conceived the nature and ends of this government, he apparently thinks he has "clinched" his case when he observes that the Founders sought to bar the government from "meddling with religion."

But, as Walter Berns reminds us, the Founders could be neutral in regard to religious sects because they understood that the regime was not founded on a religious principle. They were not neutral, however, in regard to the principles that were necessary to "legitimate" government, for the government they founded was based on a self-evident moral and political truth—the central truth (not "opinion" or "belief") that was mentioned in the Declaration of Independence. That truth, of course, was grounded in nature, in the things that separated human beings from animals; and it gave rise to the inference that creatures which were capable of giving and understanding reasons over matters of right and wrong did not deserve to be ruled in the way that one ruled creatures which were incapable of giving and understanding reasons. It was the truth of "natural equality" (in this limited but momentous sense) that made government by consent necessary. To deny that understanding, as Jefferson said, was to suggest that "the mass of mankind" had been "born with saddles on their backs," while a favored few had been born "booted and spurred, ready to ride them legitimately, by the grace of God."

Mr. Berger would seem to suggest that this understanding is news to him: that in his study of the Founders and the statesmen of the Civil War he has never seen any mention of the distinction that was commonly made between "rights that derive from nature" and "rights that derive from government." (In the debate over the Civil Rights Act of 1866 this distinction was played upon even by men who favored the most restrictive reading of the Constitution. See, for example, the remarks of Senator Saulsbury of Delaware in *Congressional Globe, 1865-66*, Part 1, January 29, 1866, p. 477.) In any event Mr. Berger has persuaded himself that he can give an adequate account of the Founders and the men who preserved this Republic without taking seriously the understanding that lay behind these distinctions between natural and civil rights. Perhaps he leaves out this part of our tradition because he has never himself been fully clear on what the original understanding was. For that reason he may be disposed simply to doubt the existence of those self-evident truths from which that understanding began. Like the opponents of Lincoln he seems more disposed to say (if he had to make it explicit) that the self-evident truth of the Declaration must have been really a self-evident lie. On this point his state of mind is unmistakable, and he offers a number of intimations. He tells us, for example, that "there is no general philosophic consensus of what is moral." But anyone who understood the meaning of "morals" or "principles" in the strictest sense could not have assumed for a moment that the validity of a moral principle could be affected in any way by the question of whether that principle commands a "consensus" of opinion. And of course it was precisely because the truth of the Declaration was grounded in nature that it did not depend for its validity on the approval or disapproval of majorities. That is why Lincoln had to reject Stephen Douglas' policy of solving the problem of slavery through the device of "popular sovereignty"—i.e., by allowing majorities in the separate states and territories to decide whether slavery should be voted up or down.

For his own part, Douglas could hold to his position because he professed to recognize no rights grounded in nature: His argument essentially was that all rights emanated from *positive* law—from the law that was created by men in particular societies. That is to say, his teaching virtually accorded with the understanding conveyed by Mr. Berger: that "no principle, moral or otherwise, not drawn from the Constitution, can alter the terms" on which a people consents to be governed. Douglas was more explicit, however, than Mr. Berger in drawing the inference from that position: that when the Declaration said "all men are created equal," it could not really have meant "all" men, but all white men or, more exactly, all British subjects. Since there is no basis for "rights" (in this view) apart from the rights that are created by law, the Declaration could not have recognized rights existing outside the body of domestic law, in cultures and societies other than our own. But as Lincoln understood, the consequence of this argument was to cut the ground out from under constitutional government itself: For if the only source of right and wrong was to be found in the opinions that were dominant in the society, there could be no basis on which one could ever call into question any policy that was enacted by a majority.

It is useless then to quote Justice Iredell, as Berger does, and suggest that a democratic people may simply stipulate the terms on which it will consent to be governed—and that it may stipulate virtually any conditions it may choose. As Lincoln sought to teach us, there are certain substantive things, such as slavery, that a democratic people may not choose, because those substantive ends would be inconsistent with the fundamental premises that give majorities their right to decide. Our own Founders could make judgments about the kinds of constitutions that were better or worse—indeed, they themselves discarded a worse one for a better one—because their understanding was informed by principles that existed independent of the constitutions they were creating. Berger, too, presumably, would make judgments of this kind, but it is a mark of the peculiar defect in his argument that he cannot account for the bases of these judgments: He cannot explain the principle that enjoins us to create a regime of law in the first place. As far as Berger can say, a regime of law exists only because a majority in any place has willed it into being; but why a majority should be obliged to establish constitutional government is quite another question: Just why a regime of this kind is preferable to a regime unconstrained by law is a matter that can be explained only by appealing, as I say, to standards of judgment that exist independent of any constitution. The explanation would lead us back to an understanding of why it is in principle good for rulers to be bound by rules apart from their own self-interest, or of what there is in the nature of human beings that makes it fitting and necessary that they be ruled only with justifications grounded in principles.

But Berger's writing contains no recognition of the principles that exist *antecedent* to constitutional government. It is only for that reason that he can think it pertinent (and even decisive) to point out that, in a discussion of racial discrimination, I make no reference to the Constitution (by which he apparently means no reference to a particular section of the Constitution). The matter would have been different had I been discussing, say, the treaties on the Panama Canal. If Mr. Carter proposed to put those treaties into effect without the concurrence of two-thirds of the Senate, I could hardly have avoided mentioning a specific passage in the Constitution (*viz.*, Art. I, Section 2). But in the case of discrimination based on race we deal with commitments that arise out of the idea of republican government itself. It was of course the argument in my article that the case against racial discrimination finds its firmest ground in those premises that underlie the very idea of law and constitutions, and which arise out of the concept of morals itself. It is those premises that explain why Britain may have laws banning discrimination on the basis of race even though Britain has no written constitution; and they explain also why these laws would be valid in our own country even if the Fourteenth Amendment had not been invented (a similar argument in this vein may be found in

(*continued on page 43*)

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CURRENT WISDOM

The Progressive

What ensues when the Marxist-Socialist-Leninist canon falls into the hands of a librarian with an apparent anal fixation, Mr. Sidney Lens:

One hundred thirty years after Marx and Engels published their historic manifesto about the "specter" that was haunting capitalist Europe (and America), more than half of humanity lives under governments that call themselves socialist—in Britain, Germany, India, China, Albania, Yugoslavia, the Soviet Union, and eleven other communist states, as well as in Algeria, Somalia, Iraq, Ethiopia, Guyana, Syria, Jamaica, Tanzania, Angola, Mozambique, and more. Socialism is clearly an idea whose time has come. Marx's grand vision of a united international community liberated from war and exploitation should be at hand....

Marx saved the utopian socialist movement of the 1840s by giving it a scientific basis—a rational ideology. Lenin saved it in 1917 by brushing aside the cobwebs of dogma. Today's socialist movement awaits a program of true internationalism—one that can not only reunite the various socialist, communist, and dissident movements of the Left, but can fashion a program for socialist integration and, above all, for peace. The regurgitation of old slogans, the recourse to Lenin, Trotsky, Mao, and Ché Guevara, are no substitute for a modern concept of socialist internationalism. Conditions demand, as the perceptive Rumanian sociologist Silviu Brucan puts it, a *dissolution* of power and especially of national power. The force of nationalism will probably remain with us forever, emphasizing valued cultural and historical differences, but the essence of internationalism lies in mechanisms to dilute the power of the nation-state.

[*February 1978*]

The Progressive

Concomitant with their recent fund-raising campaign, the *Progressive* publishes a dithyramb from another of the crybabies who keep it afloat:

This has been a lousy day, and all for ten dollars, enclosed. When my wife sees the checkbook she won't say anything, although we did talk today about the difficulty we're going to have this month meeting our obligations.

There are some books I would like to buy. I'd like to spend an evening in Orchestra Hall in Minneapolis. I'd like to be able to phone my sons and am embarrassed that they are always the ones who phone us and delight us with their extravagance, carrying on for sometimes an hour about their adventures.

You're having difficulty!

It's easy to make money. You have to be stupid, illiterate, or stubbornly infatuated with something that has nothing to do with making money in order to be poor. We are voluntarily poor. That can be pretty frustrating. It can be dreadfully limiting. It means, among other things, that we can't help *The Progressive* as much as we'd like. As much as we should?

We are tired. We work hard to earn our independence. We pay a price in limitations. Ten dollars is one of the limitations. Spend it well. It may just be that our need for *The Progressive* is just a little bit special....It would be lonely without you.

[*December 1977*]

The Washington Star

Miss Betty Beale, reporter and Washington, D.C., booster, sheds light on the arcane ways of her fellow Washingtonians in an alarming report on the Carter administration's ignorance of the higher politics of the cocktail party:

Washington is the most professional city in the world, and taking a stand against it is the mark of an amateur. The very essence of the city is its social life, where the political doings of the day are nightly questioned, commented on and assessed in the tolerant air enforced by politeness. Society here is no aggregate of wealthy blue bloods. It's a highly concentrated group of red-blooded achievers....Moving in it is broadening.

[*December 18, 1977*]

The Washington Star

Senator Richard Stone, the lion of the Senate, defends the Washington cocktail party against the philistines:

It's the most informative, educational experience you can get....

[*December 18, 1977*]

Rolling Stone

Artistic and philosophical eruptions from Mr. Mel Brooks, an American Voltaire:

"It [*Blazing Saddles*] was my first surreal movie," says Brooks. "What I did when the gunfight spilled over onto the Busby Berkeley set with fifty dancers was what Picasso did when he painted two eyes on the same side of the head....

"We are by nature selfish. It's part of our survival equipment—until certain situations arise and the word 'noble' comes in. We are capable of giving of ourselves, but it has to be worth it. World War II was worth it. Vietnam was not. Well, World War II was worth it up to the bomb. That was in questionable taste."

[*February 9, 1978*]

The Nation

Midst an otherwise tranquil review of Roger Starr's new book, *America's Housing Challenge*, a Mr. Chester Hartman, urban planner, suffers an unexpected seizure for the amusement of all of us who read the *Nation* purely for recreational purposes:

A central theme of Starr's approach to urban problems is the distinction between the "working" and "nonworking" poor (working class vs. *lumpen*). Like many of his conservative colleagues, Starr has written the latter off, and is determined to frame social policy toward the containment of what he regards as hopeless elements: "For the hard truth is that some people are incapable of meeting minimum standards of housekeeping or neighborly behavior...." And in a more frightening version, which truly evokes possibilities of Buchenwald to me, he remarks, "In short, until society has found a way to make its members live within what might be called a code of tolerable urban behavior, large cities can provide a measure of safety for the majority of their residents only by including a semi-permanent slum within their boundaries."

[*January 28, 1978*]

Commonweal

Devoted as we are to the spiritual growth of our readers and, of course, to the life o the mind, we rejoice in the opportunity t lift from the incomparable *Commonweal* colloquy between a moss-backed rabbi an the suavely sophisticated Bishop o Memphis whose final retort is a monumen to sheer intellectual brawn:

The Bishop of Memphis lived up to his reputa tion as a provocative prelate on a local televisio talk show, condemning property as a majc cause of human-rights denials; allowing it wa "conceivable" that women will one day b ordained into the Catholic priesthood; an backing the civil rights of homosexuals.

On the latter issue, Bishop Carroll T. Dozie said: "It's a human rights problem and it's on that the community at large must face. All tha the gay community, as I understand it, is askin are the things we recognize as people—tha they (gays) have a personality, a humanhoo that is necessary to be recognized in the con munity. And I see nothing that is wrong in the position."

"They have a right to the dignity of a huma person."

Rabbi Marc Tannenbaum of the America Jewish Committee, sitting on the same pane said that he shared "the bishop's convictic about the obligation to assure the civil rights homosexuals as well as all other people."

However, he noted that "in authenti normative Jewish tradition, homosexuality frowned upon and in fact the Bible itself calls an abomination." He expressed an oppositic to the possibility that homosexuality "wou become a norm for society and you can loc forward to the end of family life."

Bishop Dozier countered: "You're real over-playing what is the ordinary sense of s into a more general right and that therefo does cause confusion."

[*February 17, 1978*]

Mother Jones

A perspicacious revision of the Marxis Leninist Gospel, brought forth by *Moth Jones*, revolutionary organ of the suburba proletariat:

Gardening is an enterprise whose product has use value rather than an exchange one. It h no role in a capitalist system, except a subve sive one. It provides a vision of human activi untouched by imperialism, classism, sexis racism, agism, careerism and all the oth demented ways in which people have deva tated themselves and their environment. Throughout the country, community garde are sprouting....The whole thing will make tl corporations tremble. It is a model of how o revolution will come, as gently, relentlessly a inevitably as a spring rain.

[*February/March 1978*]

The New York Times

Impressive evidence of our President mastery of the oratorical arts:

We are homesick for Amy. She happens to be Colorado now, skiing for the first time. V don't have any snow in Georgia and this is h first experience; but our own country is so gre and strong and, I hope, in its attitudes, enlightened, progressive and also beneficial

[*January 26, 1978*]

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Charles Black's *Structure and Relationship in Constitutional Law*).

What apparently bothers Mr. Berger is that a jurisprudence that works in this ma[redacted]on the basis of "real" principles [redacted]ch in some cases than a [redacted]hrases of the Constitution in a [redacted]nd mechanistic way. But since [redacted] cannot conceive that principles of mo[redacted]ls and law are "knowable," he cannot quite grasp then the discipline that is implicit in the discovery and application of genuine principles: The test of principle is a very rigorous one, and it makes it possible to identify propositions that are nowhere near the standing of principle. My argument was that, before we are justified in imposing laws on other people, we are indeed obliged to establish, as the foundation of our policy, propositions that hold true of necessity for others as well as ourselves. In the absence of propositions of that kind, the law would simply have to recede from the presumption of overriding private choice and restricting personal freedom.

In the case of racial discrimination, as I argued, the law can adduce as its foundation a categorical truth that meets the conditions I described. But anyone who comes to understand the nature of that principle will come to see also why the same principle would have to reject such policies as reverse discrimination and busing for racial balance. And if the rest of our laws were subjected to the same stringent test, we would find large portions of them swept away (including a good many of our measures on taxation and the regulation of business).

That is to say, we would strike directly at the kinds of abuses of power that Raoul Berger has condemned in the judiciary. But we would strike as well at comparable abuses of power carried out by the President and Congress, who have been no less willing than the courts to impose laws on the basis of preferences ungrounded in principle. What Mr. Berger has had some trouble in seeing is that the trend he has decried in the judiciary is animated by the same persuasion that grips the other branches of the government—and which, at bottom, is Mr. Berger's own persuasion: The people who fill out the executive and legislative branches have largely absorbed the notion that there are ultimately no principles of justice outside the canons that are established by majorities in particular societies. And what else should one expect but that people who are schooled to this temper—and who bear an ordinary esteem for their own judgments—will be less restrained from enacting their own prejudices into law? By now, one should think, the source of our troubles should be plain enough. In relation to Mr. Berger the only lingering question is why he has not yet wakened to the fact that the "cure" he offers is founded on the very premises which have done more than anything else to produce the malady that afflicts us. □

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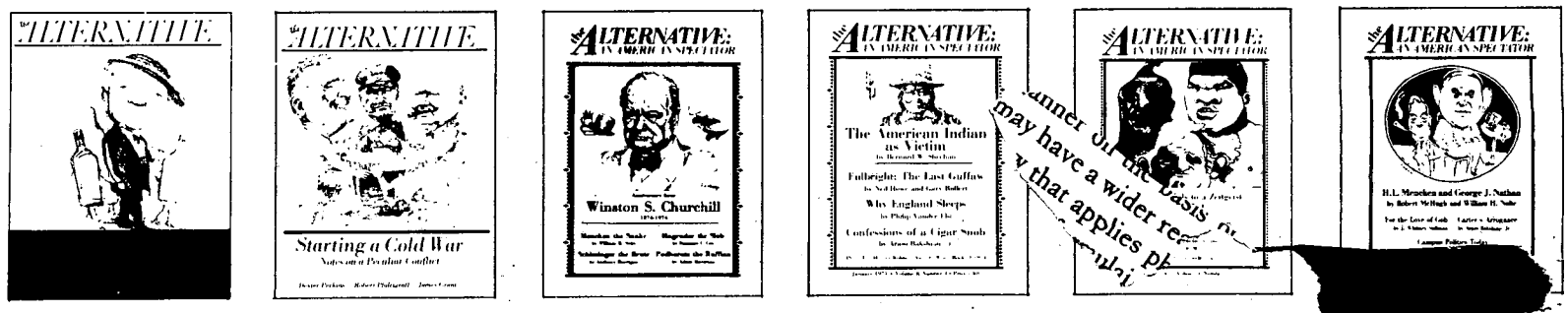
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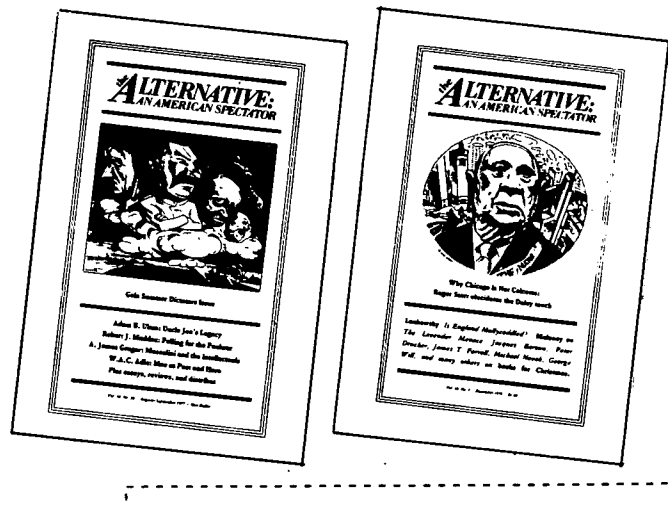

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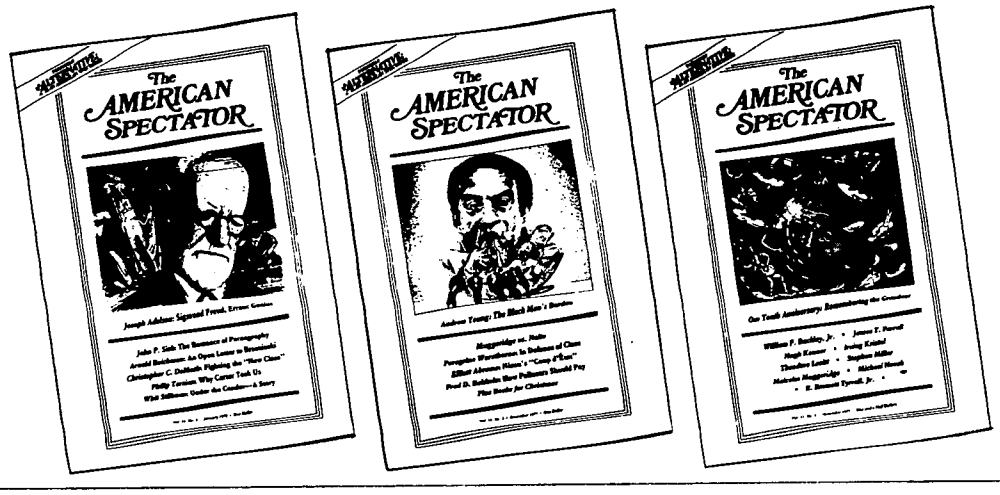

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